SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

AND

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

CHURCHILL, 1764, TO JOHNSON, 1784

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OF

VOL. VI.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

BORN 1731.—DIED 1764.

He was the son of a respectable clergyman, who was curate and lecturer of St. John's, Westminster. He was educated at Westminster school, and entered of Trinity college, Cambridge, but not being disposed

> "O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
> Or cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,"

he left the university abruptly, and coming to London, made a clandestine marriage in the Fleet. His father, though much displeased at the proceeding, became reconciled to what could not be remedied, and received the imprudent couple for about a year under his roof. After this young Churchill went for some time to study theology at Sunderland, in the north of England, and having taken orders, officiated at Cadbury, in Somersetshire, and at Rainham, a living of his father's in Essex, till upon the death of his father, he succeeded in 1758 to the curacy and lectureship of St. John's. Here he conducted himself for some time with a decorum suitable to his profession, and increased his narrow income by undertaking private tuition. He got into debt, it is true, and Dr. Lloyd, of Westminster, the father of

his friend the poet, was obliged to mediate with his creditors for their acceptance of a composition; but when fortune put it into his power Churchill honourably discharged all his obligations. His Rosciad appeared at first anonymously, in 1761, and was ascribed to one or other of half the wits in town: but his acknowledgment of it, and his poetical "*Apology*," in which he retaliated upon the critical reviewers of his poem, (not fearing to affront even Fielding and Smollet), made him at once famous and formidable. The players, at least, felt him to be so. Garrick himself, who though extolled in the Rosciad was sarcastically alluded to in the Apology, courted him like a suppliant; and his satire had the effect of driving poor Thom. Davies, the biographer of Garrick, though he was a tolerable performer, from the stage[1]. A letter from another actor, of the name of Davis, who seems rather to have dreaded than experienced his severity, is preserved in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the eighteenth century, in which the poor comedian deprecates the poet's censure in an expected publication, as likely to deprive him of

[1] Nichols, in his Literary Anecdotes of the eighteenth century, vol. vi. p. 424, gives this information of Thom. Davies's being driven off the stage by Churchill's satire, on the authority of Dr. Johnson. This Davies was the editor of Dramatic Miscellanies, and of the Life and Works of Lillo. The name of the other poor player who implored Churchill's mercy was T. Davis, his name being differently spelt from that of Garrick's biographer. Churchill's answer to him is also preserved by Nichols.

bread. What was mean in Garrick might have been an object of compassion in this humble man; but Churchill answered him with surly contempt, and holding to the plea of justice, treated his fears with the apparent satisfaction of a hangman. His moral character, in the mean time, did not keep pace with his literary reputation. As he got above neglect he seems to have thought himself above censure. His superior, the Dean of Westminster, having had occasion to rebuke him for some irregularities, he threw aside at once the clerical habit and profession, and arrayed his ungainly form in the splendour of fashion. Amidst the remarks of his enemies, and what he pronounces the still more insulting advice of his prudent friends upon his irregular life, he published his epistle to Lloyd, entitled Night, a sort of manifesto of the impulses, for they could not be called principles, by which he professed his conduct to be influenced. The leading maxims of this epistle are, that prudence and hypocrisy in these times are the same thing; that good hours are but fine words; and that it is better to avow faults than to conceal them. Speaking of his convivial enjoyments he says,

"Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells approaching day."

In the same description he somewhat awkwardly introduces

"Wine's gay God, with TEMPERANCE at his side,
——— While HEALTH attends."

How would Churchill have belaboured any fool or hypocrite who had pretended to boast of health and temperance in the midst of orgies that turned night into day!

By his connexion with Wilkes he added political to personal causes of animosity, and did not diminish the number of unfavourable eyes that were turned upon his private character. He had certainly, with all his faults, some strong and good qualities of the heart; but the particular proofs of these were not likely to be sedulously collected as materials of his biography, for he had now placed himself in that light of reputation when a man's likeness is taken by its shadow and darkness. Accordingly, the most prominent circumstances that we afterwards learn respecting him are, that he separated from his wife, and seduced the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster. At the end of a fortnight, either from his satiety or repentance, he advised this unfortunate woman to return to her friends; but took her back again upon her finding her home made intolerable by the reproaches of a sister. His reputation for inebriety also received some public acknowledgments. Hogarth gave as much celebrity as he could to his love of porter, by representing him in the act of drinking a mug of that liquor in the shape of a bear; but the painter

had no great reason to congratulate himself ultimately on the effects of his caricature. Our poet was included in the general warrant that was issued for apprehending Wilkes. He hid himself, however, and avoided imprisonment. In the autumn of 1764 he paid a visit to Mr. Wilkes at Boulogne, where he caught a miliary fever, and expired in his thirty-third year.

Churchill may be ranked as a satirist immediately after Pope and Dryden, with perhaps a greater share of humour than either. He has the bitterness of Pope, with less wit to atone for it; but no mean share of the free manner and energetic plainness of Dryden. After the Rosciad and Apology he began his poem of the Ghost (founded on the well-known story of Cock-lane), many parts of which tradition reports him to have composed when scarce recovered from his fits of drunkenness. It is certainly a rambling and scandalous production, with a few such original gleams as might have crossed the brain of genius amidst the bile and lassitude of dissipation. The novelty of political warfare seems to have given a new impulse to his powers in the Prophecy of Famine, a satire on Scotland, which even to Scotchmen must seem to sheath its sting in its laughable extravagance. His poetical epistle to Hogarth is remarkable, amidst its savage ferocity, for one of the best panegyrics that was ever bestowed on that painter's works. He scalps indeed even barbarously the infirmities of the man, but, on the whole, spares

the laurels of the artist. The following is his description of Hogarth's powers.

" In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age."

There are two peculiarly interesting passages in his Conference. One of them, expressive of remorse for his crime of seduction, has been often quoted. The other is a touching description of a man of independent spirit reduced by despair and poverty to accept of the means of sustaining life on humiliating terms.

" What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What fa ish'd nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,

In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.
Once,—at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
* * * * * * * * *
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith."

But without enumerating similar passages, which may form an exception to the remark, the general tenor of his later works fell beneath his first reputation. His *Duellist* is positively dull; and his *Gotham*, the imaginary realm of which he feigns himself the sovereign, is calculated to remind us of the proverbial wisdom of its sages. It was justly complained that he became too much an echo of himself, and that before his short literary career was closed, his originality appeared to be exhausted.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ROSCIAD.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humble to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
And show where honour bled in ev'ry scar.
  But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will best succeed who best can pay:
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
  What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of roast beef they only know the tune:

But what they have they give: could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love instead of meat;
Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be
In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson at second hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs several ways.
As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court as Garrick for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?
For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent age found out that he was young:
For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

CHARACTER OF A CRITICAL FRIBBLE.

FROM THE SAME.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,

Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares:
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on: to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impannell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female, neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
   Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read;

Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage
dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense appear'd, by nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To its first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

CHARACTERS OF QUIN, SHERIDAN, AND GARRICK.

FROM THE SAME.

QUIN, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.

For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause
Their darling chief, and lin'd his favourite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.

I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.

Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: that allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form distinctions nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?

In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low—
"Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
"True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic.—"Sergeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause."
For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,

Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.
Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout!
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:

But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed.
" If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
" If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
" If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
" If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
" If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
" Within the magic circle of the eye;
" If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
" And which no face so well as his can show;
" Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
" Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

FROM THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrob'd in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,

Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes,
Where, from their youth inur'd to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
 Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
With mickle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
 Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
Their snares without entangling briers spread,
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to lothe, and to be loth'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies;
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall:
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.
Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast,
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day take keep,

Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.
Jock. Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within ken our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid emong yon thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.
Saw. Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, I wis,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.
Jock. Still have I known thee for a silly swain:
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right areeds, must be endur'd.
Saw. Full silly swain, I wot, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

Jock. O she was bonny! All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found?
More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.
Saw. Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.
Jock. Full sorely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ah! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath shepherds' life to do with arms!
Saw. Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid,
Saw the ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;

Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still
survive,
To mourn fifteen renew'd in forty-five.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.
Cease, cried the goddess, cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;

Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owner's leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;

For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Hers all the toil, and all the profit ours;
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel through the deep;
The sail of commerce for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach,
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach;
Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

BORN 1703.—DIED 1764.

It is creditable to the memory of Pope to have been the encourager of this ingenious man, who rose from the situation of a footman to be a respectable bookseller. His plan of republishing "Old English Plays" is said to have been suggested to him by the literary amateur Coxeter, but the execution of it leaves us still indebted to Dodsley's enterprise.

SONG.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
  Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double;
  Who would trust to such weak eyes?

Yet presuming on his senses,
  On he goes, most wondrous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
  Lost in error, lives and dies.

SONG.

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind kiss before we part,
  Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart
  Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
  Let me kiss that falling tear,
Though my body must remove,
  All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
  And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then ere we part,
  Drop a tear and bid adieu.

ROBERT LLOYD.

BORN 1733.—DIED 1764.

ROBERT LLOYD was the son of one of the masters of Westminster school. He studied at Cambridge, and was for some time usher at Westminster, but forsook that employment for the life of an author and the habits of a man of pleasure. His first publication that attracted any notice was the Actor, the reputation of which stimulated Churchill to his Rosciad. He contributed to several periodical works; but was unable by his literary efforts to support the dissipated life which he led with Coleman, Thornton, and other gay associates. His debts brought him to the Fleet, and those companions left him to moralize on the instability of convivial friendships. Churchill however adhered to him, and gave him pecuniary relief to prevent him from starving in prison. During his confinement he published a volume of his poems; wrote a comic opera, "The Capricious Lovers;" and took a share in translating the Contes Moraux of Marmontel. When the death of Churchill was announced to him, he exclaimed, "Poor Charles! I shall follow him soon," fell into despondency, and died within a few weeks. Churchill's sister, to whom he was attached, died of a broken heart for his loss.

CHIT-CHAT.

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Ενδοι Πραξινοα, &c.

Mrs. B. Is Mistress Scot at home, my dear?
Serv. Ma'm, is it you? I'm glad you're here.
My missess, though resolv'd to wait,
Is quite impatient—'tis so late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, ma'm—Mrs. Brown.
Mrs. S. Your servant, madam. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over.—Child, a chair.
Pray, ma'm, be seated.
Mrs. B. Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such scrouging and such squeeging,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides, the walk is so immense—
Not that I grudge a coach expense,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always short of breath.
How can you live so far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.
Mrs. S. Lard! ma'm, I left it all to him,
Husbands, you know, will have their whim.

He took this house.—This house! this den.—
See but the temper of some men.
And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live quite out of all the world.
Husband, indeed!
Mrs. B. Hist! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks—
Mrs. S. Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.
Mrs. B. See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he understands.
—There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,
Will Jacky have a sugar-plum?
Mrs. S. This person, madam, (call him so
And then the child will never know)
From house to house would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will spend
His twenty shillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the Crown,
With port and punch to wash 'em down,
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.
Mrs. B. My good man, too—Lord bless us! wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,

Although his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
That I have not a gown to wear;
Except my robe, and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.
The king, God bless his majesty, I say,
Goes to the house of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his state.
And then the queen—

Mrs. S. Ay, ay, you know,
Great folks can always make a show.
But tell me, do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the queen.

Mrs. B. Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis twelve I vow.

Mrs. S. Kitty, my things,—I'll soon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at one.
—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!
Some water here to wash my hands.
—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!
—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
That bason there—why don't you pour?
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the hussy down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown.

—Bring me my ruffles—canst not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou hast awkwardness enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done,
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.
Mrs. B. That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such,
But you've a charming taste in dress.
What might it cost you, madam?
Mrs. S. Guess.
Mrs. B. Oh! that's impossible—for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.
Mrs. S. I never love to bargain hard,
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.
—I was afraid it should be gone—
'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.
Mrs. B. Indeed you bargain'd with success,
For it's a most delightful dress.
Besides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis slop'd with such an air.
Mrs. S. I'm glad you think so,—Kitty, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take you abroad! Indeed not I;
For all the bugaboes to fright ye—
Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye;

With such a mob about the street,
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
Kitty, I say, here, take the boy,
And fetch him down the last new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to Kitty—there's a man.
Call in the dog, and shut the door.
Now, ma'm.

Mrs. B. Oh lard!

Mrs. S. Pray go before.

Mrs. B. I can't indeed, now.

Mrs. S. Madam, pray.

Mrs. B. Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

Mrs. S. Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How shall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,
—Pray, sir, take care—your horse will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

Mrs. B. Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you see the guards are gone?

Mrs. S. Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almost scar'd to death;
For where a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.

For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look so bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.
Mrs. B. Come you from Palace-yard, old dame?
Old Woman. Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?
Mrs. B. Was it much crowded when you came?
Mrs. S. And is his majesty gone by?
Mrs. B. Can we get in, old lady, pray,
To see him robe himself to-day?
Mrs. S. Can you direct us, dame?
Old Woman. Endeavour.
Troy could not stand a siege for ever.
By frequent trying, Troy was won,
All things, by trying, may be done.
Mrs. B. Go thy ways, Proverbs—well, she's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks press on before,
And throng impatient at the door.
Mrs. S. Perdigious! I can hardly stand,
Lord bless me, Mrs. Brown, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we must stick as close as burrs,
Or in this racket, noise and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and sack
Are almost torn from off my back.

Lard, I shall faint—O lud—my breast—
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
God bless me—I have dropt my fan,
——Pray did you see it, honest man?
Man. I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with some misfortune here.
—Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—
Why, don't you see the ladies there?
Put yourselves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.
Mrs. S. You're very kind, sir; truly few
Are half so complaisant as you.
We shall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always sure to meet
A welcome, sir, in—Lard! the street
Bears such a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
Pray is the king a coming, sir?
Man. No—don't you hear the people shout?
'Tis Mr. Pitt, just *going out.*
Mrs. B. Ay, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him!
Well may the people all caress him.
—Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,
And drink success to honest Pitt,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, "you shall pledge this toast, my dear."

Man. Hist—silence—don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the king's a coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?
Mrs. B. Which is the king?
Mrs. S. Which is the coach?
Scotchman. Which is the noble earl of Bute?
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan,*
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man.*
Man. Here comes the coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.
Mrs. S. Upon my word, its monstrous fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shows!
It puts one's eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.
Mrs. B. So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is—look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.
Man. Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.

Could they a *body*-coachman get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head* to drive the king.
Mrs. S. Lard! what are those two ugly things
There—with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the saucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the queen?
Man. Oh! they are gods, ma'am, which you see,
Of the Marine Society,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.
Mrs. S. Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these Tritons do on land?
Mrs. B. And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?
Man. Oh, they are gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the king before.
For show, they wear the yellow hue,
Their proper colour is true-blue.
Mrs. S. Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!

How the folks hollow, hiss, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preserve the Earl of Bute!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do—give us shelter, honest man.
Mrs. B. I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot;
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

DAVID MALLET.

BORN (*about*) 1700.—DIED 1765.

Of Mallet's birth-place and family nothing is certainly known; but Dr. Johnson's account of his descent from the sanguinary clan of Mac Grégor is probably not much better founded than what he tells us of his being janitor to the high school of Edinburgh. That officer has, from time immemorial, lived in a small house at the gate of the school, of which he sweeps the floors, and rings the bell.

Mallet, at the alleged time of his being thus employed, was private tutor in the family of Mr. Home, of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. By Mr. Home he was recommended to be tutor to the sons of the Duke of Buccleugh, and after travelling on the continent with his pupils, and returning to London, made his way, according to Dr. Johnson, into the society of wits, nobles, and statesmen, by the influence of the family in which he had lived. Perhaps the mere situation of a nobleman's tutor would not have gained such access to a diffident man; but Mallet's manners and talents were peculiarly fitted to make their way in the world. His ballad of William and Margaret first brought him into notice. He became intimate with Pope, and had so much celebrity in his day as to be praised in rhyme both by Savage and Lord Chesterfield. In time he was appointed private secretary to the Prince of Wales. Some of his letters in the earlier part of his life express an interest and friendship for the poet Thomson, which do honour to his heart, but it cannot be disguised that his general history exhibits more address than principle, and his literary career is unimportant. Some years before his death he was appointed keeper of the book of entries for the port of London, and enjoyed a pension for an address to the public, which contributed to hasten the execution of Byng—a fact for which, if true, his supposed ancestors the MacGregors might have been ashamed to acknowledge him.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour
  When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
  And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
  Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
  That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
  When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
  When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
  That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
  Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
  Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
  She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,
  Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
  Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
   This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
   Till that last morn appear.

"But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
   A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
   Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
   With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
   And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
   Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
   That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
   And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
   And word spoke never more!

EDWARD YOUNG.

BORN 1681.—DIED 1765.

YOUNG'S satires have at least the merit of containing a number of epigrams, and as they appeared rather earlier than those of Pope, they may boast of having afforded that writer some degree of example. Swift's opinion of them, however, seems not to have been unjust, that they should have either been more merry or more angry. One of his tragedies is still popular on the stage, and his Night Thoughts have many admirers both at home and abroad. Of his lyrical poetry he had himself the good sense to think but indifferently. In none of his works is he more spirited and amusing than in his Essay on Original Composition, written at the age of eighty.

The Night Thoughts have been translated into more than one foreign language; and it is usual for foreigners to regard them as eminently characteristic of the peculiar temperament of English genius. Madame de Stael has indeed gravely deduced the genealogy of our national melancholy from Ossian and the Northern Scalds, down to Dr. Young. Few Englishmen, however, will probably be disposed to recognize the author of the Night Thoughts as their national poet by way of eminence. His devotional

gloom is more in the spirit of St. Francis of Asisium, than of an English divine; and his austerity is blended with a vein of whimsical conceit that is still more unlike the plainness of English character. The Night Thoughts certainly contain many splendid and happy conceptions, but their beauty is thickly marred by false wit and overlaboured antithesis: indeed his whole ideas seem to have been in a state of antithesis while he composed the poem. One portion of his fancy appears devoted to aggravate the picture of his desolate feelings, and the other half to contradict that picture by eccentric images and epigrammatic ingenuities. As a poet he was fond of exaggeration, but it was that of the fancy more than of the heart. This appears no less in the noisy hyperboles of his tragedies, than in the studied melancholy of the Night Thoughts, in which he pronounces the simple act of laughter to be half immoral. That he was a pious man, and had felt something from the afflictions described in the Complaint, need not be called in question [1], but he seems covenanting with himself to be as desolate as possible, as if he had continued the custom ascribed to him at college, of studying with a candle stuck in a human skull; while, at the same time, the feelings and habits of a man of the world, which still adhere

[1] It appears, however, from Sir Herbert Croft's account of his life, that he had not lost the objects of his affection in such rapid succession as he feigns, when he addresses the "Insatiate archer (Death) whose shaft flew thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

to him, throw a singular contrast over his renunciations of human vanity. He abjures the world in witty metaphors, commences his poem with a sarcasm on sleep, deplores his being neglected at court, compliments a lady of quality by asking the moon if she would chuse to be called the "*fair Portland of the skies*"—and dedicates to the patrons of "*a much indebted muse*," one of whom (Lord Wilmington) on some occasion he puts in the balance of antithesis as a counterpart to heaven. He was, in truth, not so sick of life as of missing its preferments, and was still ambitious not only of converting Lorenzo, but of shining before this utterly worthless and wretched world as a sparkling, sublime, and witty poet. Hence his poetry has not the majestic simplicity of a heart abstracted from human vanities, and while the groundwork of his sentiments is more darkly shaded than is absolutely necessary either for poetry or religion, the surface of his expression glitters with irony and satire, and with thoughts sometimes absolutely approaching to pleasantry. His ingenuity in the false sublime is very peculiar. In Night IX. he concludes his description of the day of judgment by shewing the just and the unjust consigned respectively to their "*sulphureous or ambrosial seats*," while

"Hell through all her glooms
Returns in groans a melancholy roar;"

this is aptly put under the book of Consolation. But instead of winding up his labours, he proceeds

through a multitude of reflections, and amidst many comparisons assimilates the constellations of heaven to gems of immense weight and value on a ring for the finger of their Creator. Conceit could hardly go farther than to ascribe finery to Omnipotence. The taste of the French artist was not quite so bold, when, in the picture of Belshazzar's feast, he put a ring and ruffle on the hand that was writing on the wall.

Here, however, he was in earnest comparatively with some other passages, such as that in which he likens Death to Nero driving a phaeton in a female guise, or where he describes the same personage, Death, borrowing the "*cockaded brow of a spendthrift*," in order to gain admittance to "*a gay circle.*" Men, with the same familiarity, are compared to monkeys before a looking-glass; and, at the end of the eighth book, Satan is roundly denominated a "*dunce*[1]:" the first time perhaps that his abilities were ever seriously called in question.

Shall we agree with Dr. Johnson when he affirms of the Night Thoughts that particular lines are not to be regarded, that the power is in the whole, and that in the whole there is a magnificence like that which is ascribed to a Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless variety? Of a Chinese plantation few men have probably a very

[1] "Nor think this sentence is severe on thee,
"Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce."
Concluding lines of Night 8th.

distinct conception, but unless that species of landscape be an utterly capricious shew of objects, in which case even extent and variety will hardly constitute magnificence, it must possess amusement and vicissitude, arising from the relation of parts to each other. But there is nothing of entertaining succession of parts in the Night Thoughts. The poem excites no anticipation as it proceeds. One book bespeaks no impatience for another, nor is found to have laid the smallest foundation for new pleasure when the succeeding night sets in. The poet's fancy discharges itself on the mind in short *ictuses* of surprise, which rather lose than increase their force by reiteration, but he is remarkably defective in progressive interest and collective effect. The power of the poem, instead of "*being in the whole*," lies in short, vivid, and broken gleams of genius; so that if we disregard particular lines we shall but too often miss the only gems of ransom which the poet can bring as the price of his relief from surrounding tædium. Of any long work, where the power really lies in the whole, we feel reluctant to hazard the character by a few short quotations, because a few fragments can convey no adequate idea of the architecture; but the directly reverse of this is the case with the Night Thoughts, for by selecting particular beauties of the poem we should delight and electrify a sensitive reader, but might put him to sleep by a perusal of the whole. This character of detached felicities, unconnected with interesting progress or

reciprocal animation of parts, may be likened to a wilderness, without path or perspective, or to a Chinese plantation (if the illustration be more agreeable), but it does not correspond with our idea of the magnificence of a great poem, of which it can be said that the power is in the whole. After all, the variety and extent of reflection in the Night Thoughts is to a certain degree more imposing than real. They have more metaphorical than substantial variety of thought. Questions which we had thought exhausted and laid at rest in one book, are called up again in the next in a Proteus metamorphosis of shape, and a cameleon diversity of colour. Happily the awful truths which they illustrate are few and simple. Around those truths the poet directs his course with innumerable sinuosities of fancy, like a man appearing to make a long voyage while he is in reality only crossing and recrossing the same expanse of water.

He has been well described in a late poem, as one in whom

"Still gleams and still expires the cloudy day
"Of genuine poetry."

The above remarks have been made with no desire to depreciate what is genuine in his beauties. The reader most sensitive to his faults must have felt, that there is in him a spark of originality which is never long extinguished, however far it may be from vivifying the entire mass of his poetry. Many and

exquisite are his touches of sublime expression, of profound reflection, and of striking imagery. It is recalling but a few of these to allude to his description, in the eighth book, of the man whose *thoughts are not of this world*, to his simile of the traveller at the opening of the ninth book, to his spectre of the antediluvian world, and to some parts of his very unequal description of the conflagration; above all, to that noble and familiar image,

"When final ruin fiercely drives
"Her ploughshare o'er creation."

It is true that he seldom if ever maintains a flight of poetry long free from oblique associations, but he has individual passages which Philosophy might make her texts, and Experience select for her mottos.

FROM NIGHT I.

Introduction to the Night Thoughts—Uncertainty of human happiness—Universality of human misery.

TIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.

I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought!
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: There this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;

O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
  Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
  The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
  How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder he who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorp'd!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?

Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companions fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal;
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us embryos of existence free
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
  Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
  Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself:
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul,

How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
   Night-visions may befriend: (as sung above)
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dream'd
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

* * * * * * * * *

Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children than sure heirs of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure; since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion over you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
  Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance,
And punishment the guiltless, and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;

And his guard falling crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on most
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

APOLOGY FOR THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SUBJECT.

FROM NIGHT II.

Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo; 'tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite awake?
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason in the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
Will toys amuse? No: Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

MADNESS OF MEN IN PURSUIT OF AMUSEMENTS.

FROM THE SAME.

AH! how unjust to Nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children, babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
(For nature's voice unstifled would recal),
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death thus more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful time if prisons set us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

BLESSEDNESS OF THE SON OF FORESIGHT.

FROM THE SAME.

WHERE shall I find him? Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, now hovering o'er him, shed
Protection: now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on to-morrow!
Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like passion for eternals quencht;
All relish of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies:
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;

Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd;
Though we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.

SOCIETY NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

FROM THE SAME.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluckt by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

COMPLAINT FOR NARCISSA.

FROM NIGHT III.

Oh Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent and pain, a menace and a blow,
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen than of prey.
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark,)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious. All its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy; this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and present it to the skies, as all

We guess of heaven: and these were all her own.
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more ponderous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy,
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me!
Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun: the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies not so fair!

* * * * * * * *

So man is made; nought ministers delight
By what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,

Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture! Bold man! who tempt'st the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While here, presuming on the rights of heaven.
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expense be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—thought repell'd
Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears! strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion steel'd;
While nature melted, superstition rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead, and this denied a grave.
Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For, oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurst
In blind infallibility's embrace,

The sainted spirit petrify'd the breast;
Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What succour? What resource?
With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
I whisper'd what should echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the
skies.
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the curs'd soil; and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

COMPARISON OF THE SOUL VIEWING THE PROSPECTS OF IMMORTALITY TO THE PRISONER ENLARGED FROM A DUNGEON.

FROM NIGHT IV.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,

Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To Reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hope immortal, and affects the skies.

THE DANGER TO VIRTUE OF INFECTION FROM THE WORLD.

FROM NIGHT V.

VIRTUE, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something, we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: light, motion, concourse, noise.
All, scatter us abroad; thought, outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

INSUFFICIENCY OF GENIUS WITHOUT VIRTUE.

FROM NIGHT VI.

GENIUS and Art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If these alone
Assist our flight, Fame's flight is Glory's fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once compassion soft, and envy rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD.

FROM NIGHT VIII.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw
What nothing less than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame, his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities,
His, the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine:

His hopes immortal blow them by as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

From his Satires.

THE LOVE OF PRAISE.

FROM SATIRE I.

WHAT will not men attempt for sacred praise?
The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to Steele's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our herse, and flatters on our tombs.

PROPENSITY OF MAN TO FALSE AND FANTASTIC JOYS.

FROM SATIRE V.

MAN's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.

When surfeit, or unthankfulness, destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow:
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted art's deprav'd allurements choose.

CHARACTERS OF WOMEN—THE WEDDED WIT.

FROM THE SAME.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

THE ASTRONOMICAL LADY.

FROM THE SAME.

SOME nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance:
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

THE LANGUID LADY.

FROM THE SAME.

THE languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.

My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees, than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help, oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve:
But chew she must herself! ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

THE SWEARER.

FROM THE SAME.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name,
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.

Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian system, is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?
A lady? pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

JOHN BROWN.

BORN 1715.—DIED 1765.

Dr. Brown, author of the tragedies of Athelstan and Barbarossa, and of several other works, was born at Rothbury, in Northumberland, where his father was curate. He studied at Cambridge, obtained a minor canonry and lectureship in the cathedral of Carlisle, and was afterwards preferred to the living of Morland, in Westmorland. The latter office he resigned in disgust at being rebuked for an accidental omission of the Athanasian creed. He remained for some years in obscurity at Carlisle, till the year of the rebellion, when he distinguished himself by his intrepidity as a volunteer at the siege of the castle. His Essay on Satire introduced him to Warburton, who exhorted him to write his Remarks on Shaftesbury's Characteristics, as well as to at-

tempt an epic poem on the plan which Pope had sketched. Through Warburton's influence he obtained the rectory of Horkesly, near Colchester; but his fate was to be embroiled with his patrons, and having quarrelled with those who had given him the living in Essex, he was obliged to retire upon the vicarage of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle. A latent taint of derangement had certainly made him vain and capricious; but Warburton seems not to have been a delicate doctor to his mind's disease. In one of his letters he says, "Brown is here, "rather perter than ordinary, but no wiser. You "cannot imagine how tender they are all of his "tender places, and *with how unfeeling a hand I* "*probe them*." The writer of this humane sentence was one whom Brown had praised in his Estimate as the Gulliver and Colossus of a degenerate age. When his Barbarossa came out, it appears that some friends, equally tender with the Bishop of Gloucester, reproved him for having any connexion with players. The players were not much kinder to his sore feelings. Garrick offended him deeply by a line in the prologue which he composed for his Barbarossa, alluding to its author, "*Let the poor devil eat—allow him that.*"

His poetry never obtained, nor indeed deserved much attention; but his "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times" passed through seven editions, and threw the nation into a temporary ferment. Voltaire alleges that it roused the English from lethargy by the imputation of degeneracy,

and made them put forth a vigour that proved victorious in the war with France. Dr. Brown was preparing to accept of an invitation from the Empress of Russia to superintend her public plans of education, when he was seized with a fit of lunacy, and put a period to his own existence.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF BARBAROSSA.

ACT II.

Selim, the son of the deceased Prince of Algiers, admitted in disguise into the palace of the usurper Barbarossa, and meeting with Othman, his secret friend.

Persons.—*Barbarossa, Selim, Othman.*

Bar. Most welcome, Othman.
Behold this gallant stranger. He hath done
The state good service. Let some high reward
Await him, such as may o'erpay his zeal.
Conduct him to the queen: for he hath news
Worthy her ear, from her departed son:
Such as may win her love—Come, Aladin;
The banquet waits our presence: festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet; and the night,
Illumined by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day. [*Exeunt* Bar. *and* Ala.
Selim. What anxious thought
Rolls in thine eye, and heaves thy labouring breast?
Why join'st thou not the loud excess of joy,
That riots through the palace?
Oth. Dar'st thou tell me
On what dark errand thou art here?

Selim. I dare.
Dost not perceive the savage lines of blood
Deform my visage? Read'st not in mine eye
Remorseless fury?—I am Selim's murderer.

Oth. Selim's murderer!

Selim. Start not from me.
My dagger thirsts not but for regal blood——
Why this amazement?

Oth. Amazement!—No—'Tis well—'Tis as it should be——
He was, indeed, a foe to Barbarossa.

Selim. And therefore to Algiers:—Was it not so?
Why dost thou pause? What passion shakes thy frame?

Oth. Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dissemble!——
Can I, unmoved, behold the murdering ruffian,
Smeared with my prince's blood!—Go, tell the tyrant,
Othman defies his power; that, tired with life,
He dares his bloody hand, and pleads to die.

Selim. What! didst thou love this Selim?

Oth All men loved him.
He was of such unmixed and blameless quality,
That envy, at his praise, stood mute, nor dared
To sully his fair name! Remorseless tyrant!

Selim. I do commend thy faith. And since thou lov'st him,
I have deceived this tyrant Barbarossa:
Selim is yet alive.

Oth. Alive!

Selim. Nay more——
Selim is in Algiers.
Oth. Impossible!
Selim. Nay, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither straight.
Oth. Not for an empire!
Thou might'st as well bring the devoted lamb
Into the tiger's den.
Selim. But I'll bring him
Hid in such deep disguise as shall deride
Suspicion, though she wear the lynx's eyes.
Not even thyself could'st know him.
Oth. Yes, sure: too sure to hazard such an awful
Trial!
Selim. Yet seven revolving years, worn out
In tedious exile, may have wrought such change
Of voice and feature in the state of youth,
As might elude thine eye.
Oth. No time can blot
The memory of his sweet majestic mien,
The lustre of his eye! besides, he wears
A mark indelible, a beauteous scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.
Selim. A scar!
Oth. Ay, on his forehead.
Selim. What! like this? [*Lifting his turban.*
Oth. Whom do I see!--am I awake?—my prince!
My honoured, honoured king! [*Kneels.*
Selim. Rise, faithful Othman.
Thus let me thank thy truth! [*Embraces him.*

Oth. O happy hour!

Selim. Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp my hand?
And why that ardent gaze? Thou can'st not doubt me!

Oth. Ah, no! I see thy sire in every line.—
How did my prince escape the murderer's hand?

Selim. I wrenched the dagger from him, and gave back
That death he meant to bring. The ruffian wore
The tyrant's signet:—'Take this ring,' he cried,
'The sole return my dying hand can make thee
For its accursed attempt: this pledge restored,
Will prove thee slain: Safe may'st thou see Algiers,
Unknown to all.' This said, the assassin died.

Oth. But how to gain admittance thus unknown?

Selim. Disguised as Selim's murderer I come:
The accomplice of the deed: the ring restored,
Gained credence to my words.

Oth. Yet ere thou cam'st, thy death was rumoured here.

Selim. I spread the flattering tale, and sent it hither,
That babbling rumour, like a lying dream,
Might make belief more easy. Tell me, Othman,
And yet I tremble to approach the theme——
How fares my mother? does she still retain
Her native greatness?

Oth. Still: in vain the tyrant
Tempts her to marriage, though with impious threats
Of death or violation.

Selim. May kind heaven

Strengthen her virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, Othman?
Oth. Yet, my prince,
I tremble for thy presence.
Selim. Let not fear
Sully thy virtue: 'tis the lot of guilt
To tremble. What hath innocence to do with fear?
Oth. Yet think—should Barbarossa——
Selim. Dread him not—
Thou know'st by his command I see Zaphira;
And wrapt in this disguise, I walk secure,
As if from heaven some guarding power attending,
Threw ten-fold night around me.
Oth. Still my heart
Forebodes some dire event!—O quit these walls!
Selim. Not till a deed be done, which every tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter OTHMAN *and* SADI, *friend to* OTHMAN.

Selim. HONOURED friends!
How goes the night?
Sadi. 'Tis well-nigh midnight.
Oth. What—In tears, my prince?
Selim. But tears of joy: for I have seen Zaphira,
And poured the balm of peace into her breast:
Think not these tears unnerve me, valiant friends,
They have but harmonized my soul; and waked

All that is man within me, to disdain
Peril, or death.—What tidings from the city?
Sadi. All, all is ready. Our confederate friends
Burn with impatience, till the hour arrive.
Selim. What is the signal of the appointed hour?
Sadi. The midnight watch gives signal of our meeting;
And when the second watch of night is rung,
The work of death begins.
Selim. Speed, speed, ye minutes!
Now let the rising whirlwind shake Algiers,
And justice guide the storm! Scarce two hours hence——
Sadi. Scarce more than one.
* * * * * * * *
Selim. But is the city quiet?
Sadi. All, all is hushed. Throughout the empty streets,
Nor voice, nor sound. As if the inhabitants,
Like the presaging herds, that seek the covert
Ere the loud thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunned the impending uproar.
Oth. There is a solemn horror in the night, too,
That pleases me: a general pause through nature:
The winds are hushed—
Sadi. And, as I passed the beach,
The lazy billow scarce could lash the shore:
No star peeps through the firmament of heaven—
Selim. And, lo! where eastward, o'er the sullen wave

The waning moon, deprived of half her orb,
Rises in blood: her beam, well-nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with darkness— [*Bell tolls.*
Hark!—what meant
That tolling bell?
Oth. It rings the midnight watch.
Sadi. This was the signal—
Come, Othman, we are called: the passing minutes
Chide our delay; brave Othman, let us hence.
Selim. One last embrace!—nor doubt, but, crowned with glory,
We soon shall meet again. But, oh, remember,
Amid the tumult's rage, remember mercy!
Stain not a righteous cause with guiltless blood!
Warn our brave friends, that we unsheath the sword,
Not to destroy, but save! nor let blind zeal,
Or wanton cruelty, e'er turn its edge
On age or innocence! or bid us strike
Where the most pitying angel in the skies,
That now looks on us from his blest abode,
Would wish that we should spare.
Oth. So may we prosper,
As mercy shall direct us!
Selim. Farewell, friends!
Sadi. Intrepid prince, farewell!
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* SADI.

SELIM'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE THE INSURRECTION.

Selim. Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centinel
Now takes his lonely stand; and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see!
In this dread interval, O busy thought,
From outward things descend into thyself!
Search deep my heart! bring with thee awful conscience,
And firm resolve! that, in the approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmoved;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids!—Why bear I, then,
This dark, insidious dagger?—'Tis the badge
Of vile assassins; of the coward hand
That dares not meet its foe.—Detested thought!
Yet—as foul lust and murder, though on thrones
Triumphant, still retain their hell-born quality;
So justice, groaning beneath countless wrongs,
Quits not her spotless and celestial nature;
But, in the unhallowed murderer's disguise,
Can sanctify this steel!

MICHAEL BRUCE.

BORN 1746.—DIED 1767.

MICHAEL BRUCE was born in the parish of Kinnesswood, in Kinross-shire, Scotland. His father was by trade a weaver, who out of his scanty earnings had the merit of affording his son an education at the grammar-school of Kinross, and at the university of Edinburgh. Michael was delicate from his childhood, but shewed an early disposition for study, and a turn for poetry, which was encouraged by some of his neighbours lending him a few of the most popular English poets. The humblest individuals who have befriended genius deserve to be gratefully mentioned. The first encouragers to whom Bruce shewed his poetical productions were a Mr. Arnot, a farmer on the banks of Lochleven, and one David Pearson, whose occupation is not described. In his sixteenth year he went to the university of Edinburgh, where after the usual course of attendance, he entered on the study of divinity, intending, probably, to be a preacher in the Burgher sect of dissenters, to whom his parents belonged. Between the latter sessions, which he attended at college, he taught a small school at Gairney Bridge, in the neighbourhood of his native place, and afterwards at Forest-Hill, near Allan, in Clackmannanshire. This is nearly the whole of his sad and short history. At the latter

place he was seized with a deep consumption, the progress of which in his constitution had always inclined him to melancholy. Under the toils of a day and evening school, and without the comforts that might have mitigated disease, he mentions his situation to a friend in a touching but resigned manner—" I had expected," he says, " to be happy here, but my sanguine hopes are the reason of my disappointment." He had cherished sanguine hopes of happiness, poor youth ! in his little village-school; but he seems to have been ill encouraged by his employers, and complains that he had no company, but what was worse than solitude. " I believe," he adds, " if I had not a lively imagination I should fall into a state of stupidity or delirium." He was now composing his poem on Lochleven, in which he describes himself,

" Amid unfertile wilds, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night, while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot."

During the winter he quitted his school, and returning to his father's house, lingered on for a few months till he expired, in his twenty-first year. During the spring he wrote an elegy on the prospect of his own dissolution, a most interesting relic of his amiable feelings and fortitude.

FROM THE ELEGY ON SPRING.

Now spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground,

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

FROM LOCHLEVEN.

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy; now, sweating, glides
The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests, and the golden grain.
Fair from his hand, behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The street resounds with labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,

The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,
Their grey-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells th' exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
Imagination rouses at the scene,
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks
Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

JAMES GRAINGER.

BORN 1723.—DIED 1767.

Dr. James Grainger, the translator of Tibullus, was for some time a surgeon in the army: he afterwards attempted, without success, to obtain practice as a physician in London, and finally settled in St. Kitt's, where he married the governor's daughter. The novelty of West Indian scenery inspired him with the unpromising subject of the Sugar-cane, in which he very poetically dignifies the poor negroes with the name of "*Swains*." He died on the same island, a victim to the West Indian fever.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desart's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place)
Sparks of fire dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclin'd,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retir'd,
The wise Euripides inspir'd,

You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens sav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of woe;
You penn'd what exil'd Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you stray'd,
When death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
Ye strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay,
Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd Melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young.
When all nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,

Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplars height
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?

Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sybil grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by nature's salvage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decay'd.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

* * * * * * * *

The remainder of this ode, which is rather tedious, has been omitted.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER,

(BORN 1723—DIED 1769)

WAS of an ancient family in Nottinghamshire, and possessed the estate of Thurgaton Priory, where he exercised the active and useful duties of a magistrate. He resided, however, occasionally in Lon-

don, and was a great promoter of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures. He died at his house in May-fair, after a long and excruciating illness, occasioned by the stone. He was a zealous pupil of the Shaftesbury school; and published, besides his Poems, a Life of Socrates, Letters on Taste, and Epistles to the Great from Aristippus in retirement.

SONG.

AWAY! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from Fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

JAMES MERRICK.

BORN 1720.—DIED 1769.

JAMES MERRICK was a fellow of Trinity college, Oxford, where Lord North was one of his pupils. He entered into holy orders, but never could engage in parochial duty from being subject to excessive pains in his head. He was an eminent Grecian, and translated Tryphiodorus at the age of twenty. Bishop Lowth characterized him as one of the best

of men, and most eminent of scholars. His most important poetical work is his version of the Psalms; besides which he published poems on sacred subjects.

THE WISH.

How short is life's uncertain space!
  Alas! how quickly done!
How swift the wild precarious chace!
And yet how difficult the race!
  How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
  To wisdom's prudent voice;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,
  Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear
  So pleasing and refin'd;
Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the busy moments share,
  And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
  With hopes of real bliss;
Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,
The only wish that I create
  Is all compriz'd in this.

May I, through life's uncertain tide,
  Be still from pain exempt!
May all my wants be still supplied,
My state too low t' admit of pride,
  And yet above contempt!

But should your providence divine
  A greater bliss intend;
May all those blessings you design,
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
  Be center'd in a friend!



WILLIAM FALCONER.

BORN 1730.—DIED 1769.



William Falconer was the son of a barber in Edinburgh, and went to sea at an early age in a merchant vessel of Leith. He was afterwards mate of a ship that was wrecked in the Levant, and was one of only three out of her crew that were saved, a catastrophe which formed the subject of his future poem. He was for some time in the capacity of a servant to Campbell, the author of Lexiphanes, when purser of a ship. Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation, and when the latter distinguished himself as a poet, used to boast that he had been his scholar. What he

learned from Campbell it is not very easy to ascertain. His education, as he often assured Governor Hunter, had been confined to reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, though in the course of his life he picked up some acquaintance with the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. In these his countryman was not likely to have much assisted him; but he might have lent him books, and possibly instructed him in the use of figures. Falconer published his Shipwreck in 1762, and by the favour of the Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, obtained the appointment of a midshipman in the Royal George, and afterwards that of purser in the Glory frigate. He soon afterwards married a Miss Hicks, an accomplished and beautiful woman, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness-yard. At the peace of 1763 he was on the point of being reduced to distressed circumstances by his ship being laid up in ordinary at Chatham, when, by the friendship of Commissioner Hanway, who ordered the cabin of the Glory to be fitted up for his residence, he enjoyed for some time a retreat for study without expense or embarrassment. Here he employed himself in compiling his Marine Dictionary, which appeared in 1769, and has been always highly spoken of by those who are capable of estimating its merits. He embarked also in the politics of the day, as a poetical antagonist to Churchill, but with little advantage to his memory. Before the publication of his Marine Dictionary he had left his retreat at Chatham for a

less comfortable abode in the metropolis, and appears to have struggled with considerable difficulties, in the midst of which he received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to join him in the business which he had newly established. The cause of his refusing this offer was, in all probability, the appointment which he received to the pursership of the Aurora, East Indiaman. In that ship he embarked for India, in September 1769, but the Aurora was never heard of after she passed the Cape, and was thought to have foundered in the Channel of Mozambique; so that the poet of the Shipwreck may be supposed to have perished by the same species of calamity which he had rehearsed.

The subject of the Shipwreck, and the fate of its author, bespeak an uncommon partiality in its favour. If we pay respect to the ingenious scholar who can produce agreeable verses amidst the shades of retirement, or the shelves of his library, how much more interest must we take in the "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," cherishing refined visions of fancy at the hour which he may casually snatch from fatigue and danger. Nor did Falconer neglect the proper acquirements of seamanship in cultivating poetry, but evinced considerable knowledge of his profession, both in his Marine Dictionary and in the nautical precepts of the Shipwreck. In that poem he may be said to have added a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the language; at least, we had no previous poem of any length of

which the characters and catastrophe were purely naval.

The scene of the catastrophe (though he followed only the fact of his own history) was poetically laid amidst seas and shores where the mind easily gathers romantic associations, and where it supposes the most picturesque vicissitudes of scenery and climate. The spectacle of a majestic British ship on the shores of Greece brings as strong a reminiscence to the mind, as can well be imagined, of the changes which time has wrought in transplanting the empire of arts and civilization. Falconer's characters are few; but the calm sagacious commander, and the rough obstinate Rodmond, are well contrasted. Some part of the love-story of Palemon is rather swainish and protracted, yet the effect of his being involved in the calamity, leaves a deeper sympathy in the mind for the daughter of Albert, when we conceive her at once deprived both of a father and a lover. The incidents of the Shipwreck, like those of a well wrought tragedy, gradually deepen, while they yet leave a suspense of hope and fear to the imagination. In the final scene there is something that deeply touches our compassion in the picture of the unfortunate man who is struck blind by a flash of lightning at the helm. I remember, by the way, to have met with an affecting account of the identical calamity befalling the steersman of a forlorn vessel in a similar moment, given in a prose and veracious history of the loss of a vessel on the coast of America. Falconer

skilfully heightens this trait by shewing its effect on the commiseration of Rodmond, the roughest of his characters, who guides the victim of misfortune to lay hold of a sail.

" A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only succour on the mast relies!"

The effect of some of his sea-phrases is to give a definite and authentic character to his descriptions; but that of most of them, to a landsman's ear, resembles slang, and produces obscurity. His diction too generally abounds with common-place expletives and feeble lines. His scholarship on the shores of Greece is only what we should accept of from a seaman; but his poem has the sensible charm of appearing a transcript of reality, and leaves an impression of truth and nature on the mind.

CHARACTER OF THE OFFICERS.

FROM THE SHIPWRECK.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command:

Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confest the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track, through climes unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous ocean's roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.
The second powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's furthest shore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.

Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar and shelf the watery path they sound,
With dextrous arm; sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat ev'ry hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul!
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword—
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew:
Unskill'd to argue; in dispute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud;

In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily despis'd:
Yet though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.
To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms,
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower;
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.—
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone.
In vain!—for rude adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain!

For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction panting to the shore.
This last our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at ev'ry vein.
Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravell'd course by geometric line;
Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.—
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name;
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.

Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true!
Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil:
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy:
He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting music fail'd,
And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assum'd an harsher strain.

In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

FROM THE SAME.

Evening described—Midnight--The ship weighing anchor and departing from the haven.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:

And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.
Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors crost, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.

Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen!
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
'All hands unmoor!' proclaims a boisterous cry:
'All hands unmoor!' the cavern rocks reply.
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
The order given, up-springing with a bound
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round:
At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:

Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend;
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er:
The port is doubled and beheld no more.
  Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.
  With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stu'n-sails now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.
  The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:
Through the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.

The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then through the chiliads triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.
The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:
Where'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,

Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the
view!—
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.

* * * * * * * * *

High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-blushing armors all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:

Then tower'd the masts; the canvas swell'd on high;
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

DISTRESS OF THE VESSEL—HEAVING OF THE GUNS OVERBOARD.

FROM THE SAME.

No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood; the stern aerial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—

Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

COUNCIL OF OFFICERS—ALBERT'S DIRECTIONS TO PREPARE FOR THE LAST EXTREMITIES.

FROM THE SAME.

AGAIN the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas, his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound;

For if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and shower;
Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Enclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdu'd,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd:

Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:

No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occasion all your skill demands;
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more;
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.
These only in our power are left to try;
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign;
Forbid it, Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale;

For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our dropsy'd ship may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.
He said; the listening mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried.
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents.
Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our strength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chas'd by this tempest and outrageous sea?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to present death we haste;
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.

In vain the gulf of Corinth, on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
There distant Greece her rugged shelfs prepares.
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffetted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.
The crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon.
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease; the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.—
  Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,

Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.
  And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul.
  With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combin'd;
While here we linger in the pass of fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shatter'd state and yon desponding crew
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half-fill'd
With waters through an hundred leaks distill'd;
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.

At ev'ry pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load, the quiv'ring bowsprit-end.
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increasing leak defy:
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the wat'ry tomb,
That bids us shun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And driven before it on the wat'ry waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste,
But haply Falconera we may shun;
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear;
Ev'n then the wearied storms as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.

He said;—Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom; with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some inchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!——
With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deceiv'd,
Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.
For consolation oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;

Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind.
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here;
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.
  But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.
  And first let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the masts and rigging from a board.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.

Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend:
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next assail each mast!
And booms, and oars, and rafts to leeward cast.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!

I know, among you some full oft have view'd,
With murd'ring weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,

On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown,
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny opprest,
Can share affliction with the wretch distrest:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.
With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for a while their native land.
They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.
Mean while the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.
No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!—
O Source of life! our refuge and our stay!
Whose voice the warring elements obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death!

'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is just."

THE VESSEL GOING TO PIECES—DEATH OF ALBERT.

FROM THE SAME.

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of phrenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies,

Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

* * * * * * * *

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses! red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd;
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Redmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;

And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, " O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

MARK AKENSIDE.

BORN 1721.—DIED 1770.

It may be easy to point out in Akenside a superfluous pomp of expression; yet the character which Pope bestowed on him, " that he was not an every " day writer," is certainly apparent in the decided tone of his moral sentiments, and in his spirited maintenance of great principles. His verse has a sweep of harmony that seems to accord with an emphatic mind. He encountered in his principal poem the more than ordinary difficulties of a didactic subject.

> " To paint the finest features of the mind,
> And to most subtle and mysterious things
> Give colour, strength, and motion."

The object of his work was to trace the various pleasures which we receive from nature and art to

their respective principles in the human imagination, and to shew the connexion of those principles with the moral dignity of man, and the final purposes of his creation. His leading speculative ideas are derived from Plato, Addison, Shaftesbury, and Hutchinson. To Addison he has been accused of being indebted for more than he acknowledged; but surely in plagiarisms from the Spectator it might be taken for granted, that no man could have counted on concealment; and there are only three passages (I think) in his poem where his obligations to that source are worthy of notice[1]. Independent of these, it is true that he adopted Addison's threefold division of the sources of the pleasures of the imagination; but in doing so he properly followed a theory which had the advantage of being familiar to the reader; and when he afterwards substituted another, in recasting his poem, he profited nothing by the change. In the purely ethical and didactic parts of his subject he displays a high zeal of classical feeling, and a graceful development of the philosophy of

[1] Viz. in his comparison of the Votary of Imagination to a Knight Errant in some enchanted paradise, Pleasures of Imagination, book iii. l. 507; in his sketch of the village matron, book i. l. 255; and in a passage of book iii. at line 379, beginning "But were not nature thus endowed at large." His idea of the final cause of our delight in the vast and illimitable, is the same with one expressed in the Spectator, No. 413. But Addison and he borrowed it in common from the sublime theology of Plato. The leading hint of his well known passage, "Say why was man so eminently raised," &c. is avowedly taken from Longinus.

taste. Though his metaphysics may not be always invulnerable, his general ideas of moral truth are lofty and prepossessing. He is peculiarly eloquent in those passages in which he describes the final causes of our emotions of taste: he is equally skilful in delineating the processes of memory and association; and he gives an animated view of Genius collecting her stores for works of excellence. All his readers must recollect with what a happy brilliancy he comes out in the simile of art and nature, dividing our admiration when he compares them to the double appearance of the sun distracting his Persian worshipper. But "*non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.*" The sweetness which we miss in Akenside is that which should arise from the direct representations of life, and its warm realities and affections. We seem to pass in his poem through a gallery of pictured abstractions rather than of pictured things. He reminds us of odours which we enjoy artificially extracted from the flower instead of inhaling them from its natural blossom. It is true that his object was to teach and explain the nature of mind, and that his subject led him necessarily into abstract ideas, but it admitted also of copious scenes, full of solid human interest, to illustrate the philosophy which he taught. Poetry, whatever be its title, should not make us merely contemplate existence, but feel it over again. That descriptive skill which expounds to us the nature of our own emotions, is rather a sedative than a sti-

mulant to enthusiasm. The true poet renovates our emotions, and is not content with explaining them. Even in a philosophical poem on the Imagination, Akenside might have given historical tablets of the power which he delineated; but his illustrations for the most part only consist in general ideas fleetingly personified. There is but one pathetic passage (I think) in the whole poem, namely, that in which he describes the lover embracing the urn of his deceased mistress. On the subject of the passions, in book ii. when our attention evidently expects to be disengaged from abstraction, by spirited draughts illustrative of their influence, how much are we disappointed by the cold and tedious episode of Harmodius's vision, an allegory which is the more intolerable, because it professes to teach us resignation to the will of Heaven, by a fiction which neither imposes on the fancy nor communicates a moral to the understanding. Under the head of Beauty he only personifies Beauty herself, and her image leaves upon the mind but a vague impression of a beautiful woman, who might have been any body. He introduces indeed some illustrations under the topic of ridicule, but in these his solemn manner overlaying the levity of his subjects unhappily produces a contrast which approaches itself to the ridiculous. In treating of novelty he is rather more descriptive; we have the youth breaking from domestic endearments in quest of knowledge, the sage over his midnight lamp, the virgin at her romance, and the

village matron relating her stories of witchcraft. Short and compressed as those sketches are, they are still beautiful glimpses of reality, and it is expressly from observing the relief which they afford to his didactic and declamatory passages, that we are led to wish that he had appealed more frequently to examples from nature. It is disagreeable to add, that unsatisfactory as he is in illustrating the several parts of his theory, he ushers them in with great promises, and closes them with self congratulation. He says,

"Thus with a faithful aim have we presumed
Adventurous to delineate nature's form,"

when in fact he has delineated very little of it. He raises triumphal arches for the entrance and exit of his subject, and then sends beneath them a procession of a few individual ideas.

He altered the poem in maturer life, but with no accession to its powers of entertainment. Harmodius was indeed dismissed, as well as the philosophy of ridicule, but the episode of Solon was left unfinished, and the whole work made rather more dry and scholastic; and he had even the bad taste, I believe, to mutilate some of those fine passages, which, in their primitive state, are still deservedly admired and popular.

FROM THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

The subject proposed—Difficulty of treating it poetically—The ideas of the Divine mind the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination—Variety of mental constitutions—The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures it affords.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,

Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of Nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; Nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Ethereal air; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,

And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From Heaven my strains begin; from Heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant Sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The Moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant Sun, the Moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims

Of social life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man! with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful Moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of Heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The Moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch

Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.
  Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms

With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring.
Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaultering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,

With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of Earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the Sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel

Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invest the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave Heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

FINAL CAUSE OF OUR PLEASURE IN BEAUTY.

FROM THE SAME.

Then tell me, for ye know,
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm

Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was Beauty sent from Heaven
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

FROM THE SAME.

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and Heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces, here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others woes?

Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

PLEASURE NEXT IN THE PASSIONS OF GRIEF, PITY, AND INDIGNATION.

FROM BOOK II.

Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The general eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves

Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of Heaven and Earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst Ambition: when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian Pride
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,

To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward-age
Of regal Envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,

And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself—I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?—The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

ENJOYMENTS OF GENIUS IN COLLECTING HER STORES FOR COMPOSITION.

FROM BOOK III.

By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of Memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic Art,
Their largest choice: like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens
With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold

More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he, whose birth the sister powers of Art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of Nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that Nature can bestow,
The child of Fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest frenzy caught,
From Earth to Heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From Heaven to Earth. Anon then thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of Earth,
From Ocean's bed they come: the eternal Heavens
Disclose their splendours, and the dark Abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares

Their different forms; now blends them, now divides,
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till rosy Earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful Sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethean art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of Nature's great original we scan
The lively child of Art; while line by line,

And feature after feature we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming Sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the Heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

CONCLUSION.

FROM BOOK III.

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the syren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;

Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears

A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the Sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale Misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble Quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of Sport and Pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakspeare's form:
Who walk'd in every path of human life;
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire."

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

BORN NOV. 1752.—DIED AUG. 1770,

AGED 17 YEARS, 9 MONTHS, AND A FEW DAYS.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was the posthumous child of the master of a free school in Bristol. At five years of age he was sent to the same school which his father had taught; but he made so little improvement that his mother took him back; nor could he be induced to learn his letters till his attention had been accidentally struck by the illuminated capitals of a French musical MS. His mother afterwards taught him to read from an old black letter Bible. One of his biographers has expressed surprise that a person in his mother's rank of life should have been acquainted with black-letter. The writer might have known that books of the ancient type continued to be read in that rank of life, long after they had ceased to be used by persons of higher station. At the age of eight he was put to a charity-school in Bristol, where he was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. From his tenth year he discovered an extraordinary passion for books; and before he was twelve, had perused about seventy volumes, chiefly on history and divinity. The prematurity of his mind, at the latter period, was so strongly marked in a serious and religious cast of

thought, as to induce the bishop to confirm him, and admit him to the sacrament at that early age. His piety, however, was not of long duration. He had also written some verses sufficiently wonderful for his years, and had picked up some knowledge of music and drawing, when, at the age of fourteen, he was bound apprèntice to a Mr. Lambert, a scrivener, in his native city. In Mr. Lambert's house his situation was very humble; he ate with the servants, and slept in the same room with the footboy; but his employments left him many hours of leisure for reading, and these he devoted to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities and obsolete language, which, together with his poetical ingenuity, proved sufficient for his Rowleian fabrications.

It was in the year 1768 that he first attracted attention. On the occasion of the new bridge of Bristol being opened, he sent to Farley's Journal, in that city, a letter, signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis, containing an account of a procession of friars, and of other ceremonies which had taken place, at a remote period, when the old bridge had been opened. The account was said to be taken from an ancient MS. Curiosity was instantly excited; and the sages of Bristol, with a spirit of barbarism which the monks and friars of the fifteenth century could not easily have rivalled, having traced the letter to Chatterton, interrogated him, with *threats*, about the original. Boy as he was, he

haughtily refused to explain upon compulsion; but by milder treatment was brought to state, that he had found the MS. in his mother's house. The true part of the history of those ancient papers, from which he pretended to have derived this original of Farley's letter, as well as his subsequent poetical treasures, was, that in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the "Cofre" of Mr. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727 those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority: some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining MSS. left exposed, as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out, that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley (the friend of Canynge), a priest of the fifteenth century. The rumour of his discoveries occasioned his acquaintance to be sought by a few individuals of Bristol, to whom he made presents of vellum MSS. of professed antiquity. The first who applied to him was a Mr. Calcot, who obtained from him the Bristowe Tragedy, and Rowley's Epitaph on Canynge's ancestor. Mr. Barret, a surgeon, who was writing a History of Bristol, was also presented

with some of the poetry of Rowley; and Mr. Burgum, a pewterer, was favoured with the "Romaunt of the Knyghte," a poem, said by Chatterton to have been written by the pewterer's ancestor, John de Berghum, about 450 years before. The believing presentees, in return, supplied him with small sums of money, lent him books, and introduced him into society. Mr. Barret even gave him a few slight instructions in his own profession. Chatterton's spirit and ambition perceptibly increased; and he used to talk to his mother and sisters of his prospects of fame and fortune, always promising that they should be partakers in his success.

Having deceived several incompetent judges with regard to his MSS. he next ventured to address himself to Horace Walpole, to whom he sent a letter, offering to supply him with an account of a series of eminent painters, who had flourished at Bristol. Walpole returned a polite answer, desiring farther information; on which Chatterton transmitted to him some of his Rowleian poetry, described his own servile situation, and requested the patronage of his correspondent. The virtuoso, however, having shewn the poetical specimens to Gray and Mason, who pronounced them to be forgeries, sent the youth a cold reply, advising him to apply to the business of his profession. Walpole set out soon after for Paris, and neglected to return the MSS. till they had been twice demanded back by Chatterton; the second time in a very indignant letter. On

these circumstances was founded the whole charge that was brought against Walpole, of blighting the prospects, and eventually contributing to the ruin of the youthful genius. Whatever may be thought of some expressions respecting Chatterton, which Walpole employed in the explanation of the affair which he afterwards published, the idea of taxing him with criminality in neglecting him was manifestly unjust. But in all cases of misfortune the first consolation to which human nature resorts, is, right or wrong, to find somebody to blame, and an evil seems to be half cured when it is traced to an object of indignation.

In the mean time Chatterton had commenced a correspondence with the Town and Country Magazine in London, to which he transmitted several communications on subjects relating to English antiquities, besides his specimens of Rowley's poetry, and fragments, purporting to be translations of Saxon poems, written in the measured prose of Macpherson's style. His poetical talent also continued to develope itself in several pieces of verse, avowedly original, though in a manner less pleasing than in his feigned relics of the Gothic Muse. When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to airy nothing a "local habitation and a name," we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty

and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages from Rowley, and the delight which he took to contemplate the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, while it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches, or other objects that struck his imagination. The romance of his character is somewhat disenchanted, when we find him in his satire of "*Kew Gardens*," which he wrote before leaving Bristol, indulging in the vulgar scandal of the day, upon the characters of the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute; whatever proofs such a production may afford of the quickness and versatility of his talents.

As he had not exactly followed Horace Walpole's advice with regard to moulding his inclinations to business, he felt the irksomeness of his situation in Mr. Lambert's office at last intolerable; and he vehemently solicited and obtained the attorney's consent to release him from his apprenticeship. His master is said to have been alarmed into this concession by the hints which Chatterton gave of his intention to destroy himself; but even without this fear Mr. Lambert could have no great motive to

detain so reluctant an apprentice from the hopes of his future services.

In the month of April, 1770, Chatterton arrived in London, aged seventeen years and five months. He immediately received from the booksellers, with whom he had already corresponded, several important literary engagements. He projected a History of England, and a History of London, wrote for the magazines and newspapers, and contributed songs for the public gardens. But party politics soon became his favourite object; as they flattered his self-importance, and were likely to give the most lucrative employment to his pen. His introduction to one or two individuals, who noticed him on this account, seems to have filled his ardent and sanguine fancy with unbounded prospects of success. Among these acquaintances was the Lord Mayor Beckford, and it is not unlikely, if that magistrate had not died soon after, that Chatterton might have found a patron. His death, however, and a little experience, put an end to the young adventurer's hopes of making his fortune by writing in hostility to government; and with great accommodation of principle he addressed a letter to Lord North, in praise of his administration. There was perhaps more levity than profligacy in this tergiversation; though it must be owned that it was not the levity of an ingenuous boy.

During the few months of his existence in London

his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be trusted; for while apparently exchanging his shadowy visions of Rowley for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw every thing in exaggerated colours. Out of this dream he was at length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage, and the profits of literary labour. The abortive attempt which he made to obtain the situation of a surgeon's mate on board an African vessel, shews that he had abandoned the hopes of gaining a livelihood by working for the booksellers; though he was known to have shrewdly remarked, that they were not the worst patrons of merit. After this disappointment his poverty became extreme, and though there is an account of a gentleman having sent him a guinea within the few last days of his life, yet there is too much reason to fear that the pangs of his voluntary death were preceded by the actual sufferings of want. Mrs. Angel, a sack-maker, in Brook-street, Holborn, in whose house he lodged, offered him a dinner the day before his death, knowing that he had fasted a long time; but his pride made him refuse it with some indigna-

tion. On the 25th of August he was found dead in his bed, from the effects of poison, which he had swallowed. He was interred in a shell in the burial-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse.

The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved is little to be envied for its tranquillity; but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery, and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand he would have probably ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for severe study, temperance, and natural affection. His Rowleian forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame, it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius, it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party or a country, of a name which was its pride and ornament.

Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers, whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a methodist

preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity that is not very amiable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice, when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those, who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them. If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependance on obsolete words. In the striking passage of the martyr Bawdin standing erect in his car to rebuke Edward, who beheld him from the window, when

> " The tyrant's soul rushed to his face,"

and when he exclaimed,

> " Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
> " He's greater than a king;"

in these, and in all the striking parts of the ballad, no effect is owing to mock antiquity, but to the simple and high conception of a great and just character, who

"Summ'd the actions of the day,
"Each night before he slept."

What a moral portraiture from the hand of a boy! The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favourite maxim, pushed it might be to hyperbole, that a man by abstinence and perseverance might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy[1]. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age.

[1] In the verses which Tasso sent to his mother when he was nine years old.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR,

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod he, "for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles.
"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle; before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkin flye,
Hee hath upponn hys honour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not.
I'de sooner die to-daie,
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Though I shoulde lyve for aie."

Then Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, though may hap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte stylle was ryghte:

"He has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff that you are resolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to-daie."

"Speke not of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynn furie sayde;
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vicarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thye familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou then for such a manne
Intreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Although ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n,
Thatt dydd mee being gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And sat hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friende, thie honest soul
Runns over att thyne eye;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

" Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

" Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
Thatt cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

" And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe.

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And nenc can saye butt alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Black treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne, hapless Henrie! I rejoyce
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Most willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dyd choppe your easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

"Whatte though I onne a sledde be drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

"Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yett ynne the holie book above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the sarvants of the Lorde
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne worlde, and all that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovynge wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne heav'n to flie."

And nowe the belle began to tolle,
And claryonnes to sound;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynn quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde that ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shall goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne;
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh staie mye husbande, lorde, and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes thatt enshone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dyd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of Kynge Henries friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a cloth-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
  Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
  Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
  Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
  Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
  Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't:
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
  Lyke easterne princes trick't:

And after them a multitude
  Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes
  As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
  Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O thou thatt savest manne fromme synne,
  Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynster wyndowe sat
  The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
  To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest now a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
I have been dede 'till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde."—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To hym that soe much dreaded dethe,
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
His pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie,
"Beholde you see me dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shall flowe.

"You leave your goode and lawfulle kynge
Whenne ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dyd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure partes cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dyd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

BORN 1722.—DIED 1770.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent. Being an eight months child, he had from his birth an infirm constitution, which unfortunately his habits of life never tended to strengthen. His father, who was steward of the Kentish estates of Lord Barnard (afterwards Earl of Darlington), possessed a property in the neighbourhood of Shipbourne of about 300*l.* a year; but it was so much encumbered by debt that his widow was obliged to sell it at his death, at a considerable loss. This happened in our poet's eleventh year, at which time he was taken from the school of Maidstone, in Kent, and placed at that of Durham. Some of his paternal relations resided in the latter place. An ancestor of the family, Mr. Peter Smart, had been a prebendary of Durham in the reign of Charles the First, and was regarded by the puritans as a proto-martyr in their cause, having been degraded, fined, and imprisoned for eleven years, on account of a Latin poem which he published in 1643, and which the high-church party chose to consider as a libel. What services young Smart met with at Durham from his father's relations we are not informed; but he was kindly received by Lord Barnard, at his seat of Raby Castle; and through the interest of his lord-

ship's family obtained the patronage of the Duchess of Cleveland, who allowed him for several years an annuity of forty pounds. In his seventeenth year he went from the school of Durham to the university of Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship of Pembroke-hall, and took the degree of master of arts. About the time of his obtaining his fellowship he wrote a farce, entitled, "the Grateful Fair, or the Trip to Cambridge," which was acted in the hall of his college. Of this production only a few songs, and the mock-heroic soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle, have been preserved; but from the draught of the plot given by his biographer, the comic ingenuity of the piece seems not to have been remarkable. He distinguished himself at the university, both by his Latin and English verses: among the former was his translation of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, on the subject of which, and of other versions which he projected from the same author, he had the honour of corresponding with Pope. He also obtained, during several years, the Seatonian prize for poetical essays on the attributes of the Deity. He afterwards printed those compositions, and probably rested on them his chief claims to the name of a poet. In one of them he rather too loftily denominates himself, "*the poet of his God.*" From his verses upon the Eagle chained in a College Court, in which he addresses the bird,

" Thou type of wit and sense, confined,
" Chain'd by th' oppressors of the mind,"

it does not appear that he had great respect for his college teachers; nor is it pretended that the oppressors of the mind, as he calls them, had much reason to admire the application of his eagle genius to the graver studies of the university; for the life which he led was so dissipated, as to oblige him to sequester his fellowship for tavern debts.

In the year 1753 he quitted college, upon his marriage with a Miss Carnan, the step-daughter of Mr. Newbery, the bookseller. With Newbery he had already been engaged in several schemes of authorship, having been a frequent contributor to the "Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany," and having besides conducted the "Midwife, or Old Woman's Magazine." He had also published a collection of his poems, and having either detected or suspected that the notorious Sir John (formerly Dr.) Hill had reviewed them unfavourably, he proclaimed war with the paper knight, and wrote a satire on him, entitled the Hilliad. One of the bad effects of the Dunciad had been to afford to indignant witlings, an easily copied example of allegory and vituperation. Every versifier, who could echo Pope's numbers, and add an *iad* to the name of the man or thing that offended him, thought himself a Pope for the time being, and, however dull, an hereditary champion against the powers of Dulness. Sir John Hill, who wrote also a book upon Cookery, replied in a Smartiad, and probably both of his books were in their dif-

ferent ways useful to the pastry-cooks. If the town was interested in such a warfare, it was to be pitied for the dearth of amusement. But though Smart was thus engaged, his manners were so agreeable, and his personal character so inoffensive, as to find friends among some of the most eminent men of his day, such as Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and Dr. Burney. Distress, brought on by imprudence, and insanity, produced by distress, soon made him too dependent on the kindness of his friends. Some of them contributed money, Garrick gave him a free benefit at Drury-lane theatre, and Dr. Johnson furnished him with several papers for one of his periodical publications. During the confinement which his alienation of mind rendered necessary, he was deprived of pen and ink and paper; and used to indent his poetical thoughts with a key on the wainscot of the wall. On his recovery he resumed his literary employments, and, for some time, conducted himself with industry. Among the compositions of his saner period, was a verse translation of the Fables of Phædrus, executed with tolerable spirit and accuracy. But he gave a lamentable proof of his declining powers in his translation of the Psalms, and in his "Parables of Jesus Christ, done into "familiar verse," which were dedicated to Master Bonnel Thornton, a child in the nursery. He was also committed for debt to the King's Bench prison, within the rules of which he died, after a short illness, of a disorder in the liver.

If Smart had any talent above mediocrity, it was a slight turn for humour[1]. In his serious attempts at poetry, he reminds us of those

> " Whom Phœbus in his ire
> " Hath blasted with poetic fire."

The history of his life is but melancholy. Such was his habitual imprudence, that he would bring home guests to dine at his house, when his wife and family had neither a meal, nor money to provide one. He engaged, on one occasion, to write the Universal Visitor, and for no other work, by a contract which was to last ninety-nine years. The publication stopped at the end of two years. During his bad health, he was advised to walk for exercise, and he used to walk for that purpose to the alehouse; but *he was always carried back.*

[1] An instance of his wit is given in his extemporary spondaic on the three fat beadles of the university:

Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

SOLILOQUY OF THE PRINCESS PERIWINKLE,

IN THE MOCK PLAY OF "A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, OR THE GRATEFUL FAIR."

[*The Princess* PERIWINKLE *sola, attended by fourteen maids of great honour.*]

SURE such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn:
This bitter sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love;
Pride, love, and reason, will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with Fizgig, pride, pride, pride, denies,
Put on a Spanish padlock, reason cries;
But tender, gentle love, with every wish complies.
Pride, love, and reason, fight till they are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

ODE

ON AN EAGLE CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT.

IMPERIAL bird, who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
Their heads in ether shroud;—
Thou servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
To the bleak north's extremest goal;—
Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
The sovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
And shake thy native pole!

Oh, cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothic ire,
At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire
Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
Where discipline and dulness dwell,
Where genius ne'er was seen to roam;
Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home!

Though dimm'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,
So grov'ling! once so great!
The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
In tend'rest lays thy fate.

What time by thee scholastic pride
Takes his precise pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But stinks, and stagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass!
Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
Who study downward on the ground;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
While more than mathematic gloom
Envelopes all around.

THOMAS GRAY.

BORN 1716.—DIED 1771.

Mr. Matthias, the accomplished editor of Gray, in delineating his poetical character, dwells with peculiar emphasis on the charm of his lyrical versification, which he justly ascribes to the naturally exquisite ear of the poet having been trained to consummate skill in harmony, by long familiarity with the finest models in the most poetical of all

languages, the Greek and Italian. " He was in-
" deed (says Mr. Matthias) the inventor, it may be
" strictly said so, of a new lyrical metre in his own
" tongue. The peculiar formation of *his* strophe,
" antistrophe, and epode, was unknown before
" him; and it could only have been planned and
" perfected by a master genius, who was equally
" skilled by long and repeated study, and by trans-
" fusion into his own mind of the lyric compositions
" of ancient Greece and of the higher '*canzoni*' of
" the Tuscan poets, '*di maggior carme e suono*,' as
" it is termed in the commanding energy of their
" language. Antecedent to the 'Progress of Poetry,'
" and to the 'Bard,' no such lyrics had appeared.
" There is not an ode in the English language which
" is constructed like these two compositions; with
" such power, such majesty, and such sweetness,
" with such proportioned pauses and just cadences,
" with such regulated measures of the verse, with
" such master principles of lyrical art displayed and
" exemplified, and, at the same time, with such a
" concealment of the difficulty, which is lost in the
" softness and uninterrupted flowing of the lines in
" each stanza, with such a musical magic, that every
" verse in it in succession dwells on the ear and
" harmonizes with that which has gone before."

So far as the versification of Gray is concerned, I have too much pleasure in transcribing these sentiments of Mr. Matthias, to encumber them with any qualifying remarks of my own on that particular

subject; but I dissent from him in his more general estimate of Gray's genius, when he afterwards speaks of it, as "second to none."

In order to distinguish the positive merits of Gray from the loftier excellence ascribed to him by his editor, it is unnecessary to resort to the criticisms of Dr. Johnson. Some of them may be just, but their general spirit is malignant and exaggerated. When we look to such beautiful passages in Gray's odes, as his Indian poet amidst the forests of Chili, or his prophet bard scattering dismay on the array of Edward, and his awe-struck chieftains, on the side of Snowdon—when we regard his elegant taste, not only gathering classical flowers from the Arno and Ilyssus, but revealing glimpses of barbaric grandeur amidst the darkness of Runic mythology—when we recollect his "*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*"—his rich personifications, his broad and prominent images, and the crowning charm of his versification, we may safely pronounce that Johnson's critical fulminations have passed over his lyrical character with more noise than destruction.

At the same time it must be recollected, that his beauties are rather crowded into a short compass, than numerous in their absolute sum. The spirit of poetry, it is true, is not to be computed mechanically by tale or measure; and abundance of it may enter into a very small bulk of language. But neither language nor poetry are compressible beyond certain limits, and the poet, whose thoughts

have been concentrated into a few pages, cannot be expected to have given a very full or interesting image of life in his compositions. A few odes, splendid, spirited, and harmonious, but by no means either faultless or replete with subjects that come home to universal sympathy, and an elegy, unrivalled as it is in that species of composition, these achievements of our poet form, after all, no such extensive grounds of originality, as to entitle their author to be spoken of as in genius "*second to none.*" He had not, like Goldsmith, the art of unbending from grace to levity. Nothing can be more unexhilarating than his attempts at wit and humour, either in his letters or lighter poetry. In his graver and better strains some of the most exquisite ideas are his own; and his taste, for the most part, adorned, and skilfully recast, the forms of thought and expression which he borrowed from others. If his works often "whisper whence they stole their balmy spoils," it is not from plagiarism, but from a sensibility that sought and selected the finest impressions of genius from other gifted minds. But still there is a higher appearance of culture than fertility, of acquisition than originality in Gray. He is not that being of independent imagination, that native and creative spirit, of whom we should say, that he would have plunged into the flood of poetry had there been none to leap before him. Nor were his learned acquisitions turned to the very highest account. He was the architect of no

poetical design of extensive or intricate compass. One noble historical picture, it must be confessed, he has left in the opening scene of his Bard; and the sequel of that ode, though it is not perhaps the most interesting prophecy of English history which we could suppose Inspiration to pronounce, contains many richly poetical conceptions. It is, however, exclusively in the opening of the Bard, that Gray can be ever said to have pourtrayed a grand, distinct, and heroic scene of fiction.

The obscurity so often objected to him is certainly a defect not to be justified by the authority of Pindar, more than any thing else that is intrinsically objectionable. But it has been exaggerated. He is nowhere so obscure as not to be intelligible by recurring to the passage. And it may be further observed, that Gray's lyrical obscurity never arises, as in some writers, from undefined ideas or paradoxical sentiments. On the contrary, his moral spirit is as explicit as it is majestic; and deeply read as he was in Plato, he is never metaphysically perplexed. The fault of his meaning is to be latent, not indefinite or confused. When we give his beauties re-perusal and attention, they kindle and multiply to the view. The thread of association that conducts to his remote allusions, or that connects his abrupt transitions, ceases then to be invisible. His lyrical pieces are like paintings on glass, which must be placed in a strong light to give out the perfect radiance of their colouring.

THE BARD:

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
'Confusion on thy banners wait,
'Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state.
'Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!

'O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main;
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
'The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
'I see them sit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.

" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
" The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs that ring;
" Shrieks of an agonizing king!
" She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his funeral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye afford
" A tear to grace his obsequies.
" Is the sable warrior fled?
" Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
" The swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to salute the rising morn.
" Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
" Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare;
" Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
" Close by the regal chair
" Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
" And through the kindred squadrons mow their way
" Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
" And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the rose of snow,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread:
" The bristled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
" Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
" Half of thy heart we consecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

'But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
'Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
'Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
'Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
'No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
'All hail, ye genuine kings; Britannia's issue, hail!

'Girt with many a baron bold
'Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,
'In bearded majesty, appear.
'In the midst a form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
'Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
'What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
'What strains of vocal transport round her play!
'Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
'They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
'Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

'The verse adorn again
'Fierce War, and faithful Love,
'And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
'In buskin'd measures move
'Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
'A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;

'And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
'That lost in long futurity expire.
'Fond, impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: with joy I see
'The different doom our fates assign.
'Be thine despair, and scepter'd care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

ON EDUCATION.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
To draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:

So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds,
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
Th' event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace.

There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide, that drowns her lessening lands,
And sees far off with an indignant groan
Her native plains, and empires once her own.
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire, that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?

Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she
springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws, that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit, what by strength they
gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?

What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.
* * * * * * * * *

ON VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,
She wooes the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wint'ry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstacy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace:
While hope prolongs our happier hour
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the course where pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.
* * * * * *

SPECIMEN OF THE TRAGEDY OF AGRIPPINA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Persons.—*Agrippina, Aceronia.*

Agrip. 'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd: [*Speaks as to Anicetus entering.*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add, how she turn'd pale, and trembled;
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it?
(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,

And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth; at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lur'd with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: They ate aware
Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not aconite.

Acer. He's gone; and much I hope these walls alone,
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

Agrip. And dost thou talk to me, to me, of danger,
Of haughty youth, and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; whilst he stood trembling,
Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?
'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
To fame, or fortune; haply ey'd at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dar'd

On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long-forgotten liberty: When I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Show'd him, where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence: but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour.

Acer. Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude, which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bad the magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son: Their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!

He reigns; the rest is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures,
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway;
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.
Agrip. Thus ever grave, and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have rais'd?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: Tell him too, that one,
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest, that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! say,
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease

And pleasure's flowery lap?—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

Acer. Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: These, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire: The eye of Rome
And the prætorian camp have long rever'd,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

Agrip. Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of liberty; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius: Vetus too, and Thrasea,

Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
Yes, we may meet, ingrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
Rous'd by the shout of millions: There before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: Around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy full favour: Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.
But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours

In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
These hated walls, that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

Acer. 'Tis time we go, the sun is high advanc'd,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.

Agrip. My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.

Acer. Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may——

Agrip. Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things, that but whisper'd,
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy: No matter
What; so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,

Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injur'd shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Otho. Poppæa.

Otho. Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
Of amorous thefts: And had her wanton son
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguil'd
With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely;
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclin'd, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursu'd.

* * * * * * * *

CUTHBERT SHAW.

BORN 1738.—DIED 1771.

CUTHBERT SHAW was the son of a shoemaker, and was born at Ravensworth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was for some time usher to the grammar school at Darlington, where he published his first poem, entitled "*Liberty*." He afterwards appeared in London and other places as a player; but having no recommendations for the stage, except a handsome figure, he betook himself to writing for subsistence. In 1762 he attacked Coleman, Churchill, Lloyd, and Shirley, in a satire, called, the "Four Farthing Candles;" and next selected the author of the Rosciad as the exclusive subject of a mock-heroic poem, entitled, the "Race, by Mercurius Spur, with notes by Faustinus Scriblerus." He had, for some time, the care of instructing an infant son of the Earl of Chesterfield in the first rudiments of learning. He married a woman of superior connexions, who, for his sake, forfeited the countenance of her family; but who did not live long to share his affections and misfortunes. Her death, and that of their infant, occasioned those well-known verses which give an interest to his memory. Lord Lyttleton, struck by their feeling expression of a grief similar to his own, solicited his acquaintance, and distinguished him by his praise; but rendered him

no substantial assistance. The short remainder of his days was spent in literary drudgery. He wrote a satire on political corruption, with many other articles, which appeared in the Freeholder's Magazine. Disease and dissipation carried him off in the prime of life; after the former had left irretrievable marks of its ravages upon his countenance.

FROM THE MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

* * * WHERE'ER I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and
despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed virtue's children safe to keep!
Had innòcence or virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When torture's keenest rage she prov'd;

Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's
heart.
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!
" Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
" And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
" But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
" If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear!
" If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
" Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smil'd in
vain;
" If it has been my sole endeavour still
" To act in all obsequious to thy will;
" To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
" Then only truly blest when thoù wert so:
" If I have doated with that fond excess,
" Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less;
" If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
" To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
" When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
" Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
" With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
" And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
" My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
" But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
" Promise——and I will trust thy faithful vow,
" (Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)

" That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
" This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
" Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
" And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
" Wilt thou?————
" I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
" And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven (I cried) from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O——in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

* * * * * * * * *

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:

To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
 Which towering hope so fondly builds in air,
  One fatal moment can destroy,
 And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
  Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disast'rous fate
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
 Flutters a while, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
 No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in sullen mood
 Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
 And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys just promising to blow.
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!

My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?
* * * * * * * *

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now with sweet complacent air
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,

When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distrest,
More beggar by the riches once possest.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And O sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age!

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

BORN 1721.—DIED 1771.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT was the grandson of Sir James Smollett, of Bonhill, a member of the Scottish parliament, and one of the commissioners for the union. The father of the novelist was a younger son of the knight, and had married without his consent. He died in the prime of life, and left his children dependent on their grandfather. Were we to trust to Roderick Random's account of his relations, for authentic portraits of the author's family, we should entertain no very prepossessing idea of the old

gentleman; but it appears that Sir James Smollett supported his son, and educated his grandchildren.

Smollett was born near Renton, in the parish of Cardross, and shire of Dumbarton, and passed his earliest years among those scenes on the banks of the Leven, which he has described with some interest in the Adventures of Humphrey Clinker. He received his first instructions in classical learning at the school of Dumbarton. He was afterwards removed to the college of Glasgow, where he pursued the study of medicine; and, according to the practice then usual in medical education, was bound apprentice to a Mr. Gordon, a surgeon in that city. Gordon is generally said to have been the original of Potion in Roderick Random. This has been denied by Smollett's biographers; but their conjecture is of no more weight than the tradition which it contradicts. In the characters of a work, so compounded of truth and fiction, the author alone could have estimated the personality which he intended, and of that intention he was not probably communicative. The tradition still remaining at Glasgow is, that Smollett was a restive apprentice, and a mischievous stripling. While at the university he cultivated the study of literature, as well as of medicine, and shewed a disposition for poetry, but very often in that bitter vein of satire which he carried so plentifully into the temper of his future years. He had also, before he was eighteen, composed a tragedy, entitled the "*Regicide.*" This tragedy

was not published till after the lapse of ten years, and then it probably retained but little of its juvenile shape. When printed, "*to shame the rogues*," it was ushered in by a preface, abusing the stage-managers, who had rejected it, in a strain of indignation, with which the perusal of the play itself did not dispose the reader to sympathize.

The death of his grandfather left Smollett without provision, and obliged him to leave his studies at Glasgow prematurely. He came to London, and obtained the situation of a surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line, which sailed in the unfortunate expedition to Carthagena. The strong picture of the discomforts of his naval life, which he afterwards drew, is said to have attracted considerable attention to the internal economy of our ships of war, and to have occasioned the commencement of some salutary reformations. But with all the improvements which have been made, it is to be feared that the situation of an assistant surgeon in the navy is still left less respectable and comfortable than it ought to be made. He is still without equal advantages to those of a surgeon's mate in the army, and is put too low in the rank of officers.

Smollett quitted the naval service in the West Indies, and resided for some time in Jamaica. He returned to London in 1746, and in the following year married a Miss Lascelles, whom he had courted in Jamaica, and with whom he had the promise of 3000*l*. Of this sum, however, he obtained but a

small part, and that, after an expensive lawsuit. Being obliged therefore to have recourse to his pen for his support, he, in 1748, published his Roderick Random, the most popular of all the novels on which his high reputation rests. Three years elapsed before the appearance of Peregrine Pickle. In the interval he had visited Paris, where his biographer, Dr. Moore, who knew him there, says that he indulged in the common prejudices of the English against the French nation, and never attained the language so perfectly as to be able to mix familiarly with the inhabitants. When we look to the rich traits of comic effect, which his English characters derive from transferring the scene to France, we can neither regard his journey as of slight utility to his powers of amusement, nor regret that he attended more to the follies of his countrymen than to French manners and phraseology. After the publication of Peregrine Pickle he attempted to establish himself at Bath as a physician, but was not successful. His failure has been attributed to the haughtiness of his manners. It is not very apparent, however, what claims to medical estimation he could advance; and the celebrity for aggravating and exposing personal follies, which he had acquired by his novels, was rather too formidable to recommend him as a confidential visitant to the sick chambers of fashion. To a sensitive valetudinarian many diseases would be less alarming than a doctor, who might slay the

character by his ridicule, and might *not* save the body by his prescriptions.

Returning disappointed from Bath, he fixed his residence at Chelsea, and supported himself during the rest of his life by his literary employments. The manner in which he lived at Chelsea, and the hospitality which he afforded to many of his poorer brethren of the tribe of literature, have been somewhat ostentatiously described by his own pen; but Dr. Moore assures us, that the account of his liberality is not overcharged. In 1753 he produced his novel of "Count Fathom;" and three years afterwards, whilst confined in prison, for a libel on Admiral Knowles, amused himself with writing the "Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves." In the following year he attempted the stage, in a farce, entitled the "Reprisals," which, though of no great value, met with temporary success. Prolific as his pen was, he seems from this period to have felt that he could depend for subsistence more securely upon works of industry than originality; and he engaged in voluminous drudgeries, which added nothing to his fame, whilst they made inroads on his health and equanimity. His conduct of the Critical Review, in particular, embroiled him in rancorous personalities, and brought forward the least agreeable parts of his character. He supported the ministry of Lord Bute with his pen, but missed the reward which he expected. Though he had realized large sums by

several of his works, he saw the evening of his life approach, with no provision in prospect, but what he could receive from severe and continued labours; and with him, that evening might be said to approach prematurely, for his constitution seems to have began to break down when he was not much turned of forty. The death of his only daughter obliged him to seek relief from sickness and melancholy by travelling abroad for two years; and the Account of his Travels in France and Italy, which he published on his return, afforded a dreary picture of the state of his mind. Soon after his return from the continent, his health still decaying, he made a journey to Scotland, and renewed his attachment to his friends and relations. His constitution again requiring a more genial climate, and as he could ill support the expense of travelling, his friends tried, in vain, to obtain for him from ministers, the situation of consul at Nice, Naples, or Leghorn. Smollett had written both for and against ministers, perhaps not always from independent motives; but to find the man, whose genius has given exhilaration to millions, thus reduced to beg, and to be refused the means that might have smoothed the pillow of his death-bed in a foreign country, is a circumstance which fills the mind rather too strongly with the recollection of Cervantes. He set out, however, for Italy in 1770, and, though debilitated in body, was able to compose his novel of "Humphrey Clinker" After a few months residence in the

neighbourhood of Leghorn, he expired there, in his fifty-first year.

The few poems which he has left have a portion of delicacy which is not to be found in his novels; but they have not, like those prose fictions, the strength of a master's hand. Were he to live over again, we might wish him to write more poetry, in the belief that his poetical talent would improve by exercise; but we should be glad to have more of his novels just as they are.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:

Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
" Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
" Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,

That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying
clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore:
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stopt: he gazed; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:

He seiz'd the advantage fate allow'd:
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—
The mountain dryads, seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.

He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,

To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils opprest;
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.

There Study shall with Solitude recline;
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store;
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night:
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.



ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

FROM THE SHAMROCK, OR HIBERNIAN CRESSES
DUBLIN 1772.

Belinda's sparkling eyes and wit
  Do various passions raise;
And, like the lightning, yield a bright,
  But momentary blaze.

Eliza's milder, gentler sway,
  Her conquests fairly won,
Shall last till life and time decay,
  Eternal as the sun.

Thus the wild flood with deaf'ning roar
Bursts dreadful from on high;
But soon its empty rage is o'er,
And leaves the channel dry:

While the pure stream, which still and slow
Its gentler current brings,
Through every change of time shall flow
With unexhausted springs.

EPIGRAM ON TWO MONOPOLISTS.

FROM THE SAME.

Two butchers thin, call'd Bone and Skin,
Would starve the town, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood won't bear it.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

BORN 1729.—DIED 1773.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin. Having written a farce, called "Love in a Mist," at the age of seventeen, he came to Britain as a strolling actor, and was for a long time a performer in Digges's company in Edinburgh, and for many years made his residence at Newcastle upon Tyne. He died at that place, in the house of a benevolent printer, whose hospitality had for some time supported him.

CONTENT.

A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek;
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my Muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her sire.
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

MAY-EVE; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
  Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
  And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
  ('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
  With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
  In rosy chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbar her golden gate,
  And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
  The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
  As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
  We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
  And hail the maid I love:
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
  He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
  Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
  Or tune the reed to love :
For see the rosy May draws nigh ;
  She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

BORN 1709.—DIED 1773.

THIS nobleman's public and private virtues, and his merits as the historian of Henry II. will be remembered when his verses are forgotten. By a felicity very rare in his attempts at poetry, the kids and fawns of his Monody do not entirely extinguish all appearance of that sincere feeling with which it must have been composed. Gray, in a letter to Horace Walpole, has justly remarked the beauty of the stanza beginning "In vain I look around." "If it were all like this stanza," he continues, "I "could be pleased." Nature, and sorrow, and tenderness are the true genius of such things (monodies). Poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpose, for they only shew a man is not sorry, and devotion

worse, for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing.

FROM THE MONODY.

At length escap'd from every human eye,
  From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
  And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
  Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
  Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.
* * * * * * * *

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide

Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospects' ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.
* * * * * * * *

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?
* * * * * * * *

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain

Harmonious concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade;
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

BORN 1750.—DIED 1774.

This unfortunate young man, who died in a mad-house at the age of twenty-four, left some pieces of considerable humour and originality in the Scottish dialect. Burns, who took the hint of his Cotter's Saturday Night from Fergusson's Farmer's Ingle, seems to have esteemed him with an exaggerated partiality, which can only be accounted for by his having perused him in his youth. On his first visit to Edinburgh, Burns traced out the grave of Fergusson,

and placed a monument over it at his own expense, inscribed with verses of appropriate feeling.

Fergusson was born at Edinburgh, where his father held the office of accountant to the British Linen-hall. He was educated partly at the high-school of Edinburgh, and partly at the grammar-school of Dundee, after which a bursary, or exhibition, was obtained for him at the university of St. Andrew's, where he soon distinguished himself as a youth of promising genius. His eccentricity was, unfortunately, of equal growth with his talents; and on one occasion, having taken part in an affray among the students, that broke out at the distribution of the prizes, he was selected as one of the leaders, and expelled from college; but was received back again upon promises of future good behaviour. On leaving college he found himself destitute, by the death of his father, and after a fruitless attempt to obtain support from an uncle at Aberdeen, he returned on foot to his mother's house at Edinburgh, half dead with the fatigue of the journey, which brought on an illness that had nearly proved fatal to his delicate frame. On his recovery he was received as a clerk in the commissary clerk's office, where he did not continue long, but exchanged it for the same situation in the office of the sheriff clerk, and there he remained as long as his health and habits admitted of any application to business. Had he possessed ordinary prudence he might have lived by the drudgery of copying papers; but the appearance of some of his

poems having gained him a flattering notice, he was drawn into dissipated company, and became a wit, a songster, a mimic, and a free liver; and finally, after fits of penitence and religious despondency, went mad. When committed to the receptacle of the insane, a consciousness of his dreadful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance, he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed by a shout from all the inmates of the dismal mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on the friends who had the task of attending him. His mother, being in extreme poverty, had no other mode of disposing of him. A remittance, which she received a few days after, from a more fortunate son, who was abroad, would have enabled her to support the expense of affording him attendance in her own house; but the aid did not arrive till the poor maniac had expired.

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Et multo imprimis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit. VIRG. BUC.

WHAN gloamin grey out owre the welkin keeks[1];
Whan Batie ca's his owsen[2] to the byre;
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung[3], his barn-door steeks[4],
An' lusty lasses at the dightin'[5] tire;

[1] Peeps.—[2] Oxen.—[3] Fatigued.—[4] Shuts.—[5] Cleansing.

What bangs[1] fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain;
Gars[2] dowie mortals look baith blithe an' bauld,
Nor fley'd[3] wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse! and chaunt in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divots theekit[4] frae the weet an' drift;
Sods, peats, and heathery turfs the chimley[5] fill,
An' gar their thickening smeek[6] salute the lift.
The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,
Whan he out owre the hallan[7] flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
That a' his housie looks sae cosh[8] an' clean;
For cleanly house loes he, though e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith[9], an' refreshin' synd[10]
O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin' fire:
Sair wark an' poortith downa[11] weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle[12] reeks;
I' the far nook the bowie[13] briskly reams;
The readied kail[14] stands by the chimley cheeks,
An' haud the riggin' het wi' welcome streams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen[15] nicer seems.

[1] *What bangs fu' leal*—what shuts out most comfortably.—[2] Makes.—[3] Frightened.—[4] Thatched with turf.—[5] Chimney.—[6] Smoke.—[7] The inner wall of a cottage.—[8] Comfortable—[9] Meal.—[10] Drink.—[11] Should not.—[12] A flat iron for toasting cakes.—[13] Beer-barrel.—[14] Broth with greens.—[15] *Kitchen* here means what eat with bread, there is no English word for it; *obsonium* is the Latin.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs[1] a lesson lear:
Wad they to labouring lend an eident[2] hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day;
At night, in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound;
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae[3],
Nor drogs their noddle and their sense confound,
Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies[4] frae the dawn to set o' sun.
'Twas this that braced their gardies[5] stiff an' strang;
That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird[6] alang;
Gar'd Scotish thristles bang the Roman bays;
For near our crest their heads they dought na raise.

The couthy cracks[7] begin whan supper 's owre;
The cheering bicker[8] gars them glibly gash[9]
O' Simmer's showery blinks, an' Winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash[10].
'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae on;
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
An' there, how Marion, for a bastard son,

[1] Palates.—[2] Assiduous.—[3] Foretell.—[4] In contests.—[5] Arms.
[6] Earth.—[7] Pleasant talk.—[8] The cup.—[9] Chat.—[10] Destroy the produce of their farms

Upo' the cutty-stool was forced to ride;
The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep[1] 's amang the bairnies now;
For a' their anger 's wi' their hunger gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
Grumble an' greet, an' mak an unco maen[2].
In rangles[3] round, before the ingle's low,
Frae gudame's[4] mouth auld warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow[5]:
O' ghaists, that win[6] in glen an kirkyard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shake wi' fear!

For weel she trows, that fiends an' fairies be
Sent frae the deil to fleetch[7] us to our ill;
That ky hae tint[8] their milk wi' evil ee;
An' corn been scowder'd[9] on the glowin' kiln.
O mock nae this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear:
Wi' eild[10] our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly[11] fear;
The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
Though Age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave;

[1] Not a whimper.—[2] Moan—[3] Circles.—[4] Grandame.—[5] Scare-crow.—[6] Abide.—[7] Entice.—[8] Lost.—[9] Scorched.—[10] Age.—[11] Childish.

Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays;
Her e'enin stent[1] reels she as weel's the lave[2].
On some feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,
Shall heese her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up an' saw
Her ain spun cleedin' on a darlin' oy[3];
Careless though death shou'd mak the feast her foy[4].

In its auld lerroch[5] yet the deas[6] remains,
Where the gudeman aft streeks[7] him at his ease;
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
O' labourers doylt upo' the wintry leas.
Round him will baudrins[8] an' the collie come,
To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' ee,
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
O' kebbuck[9] whang'd, an' dainty fadge[10] to prie[11];
This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak:
What stacks he wants to thrash; what rigs to till;
How big a birn[12] maun lie on bassie's[13] back,
For meal an' mu'ter[14] to the thirlin' mill.
Niest, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bids
Glowr through the byre, an' see the hawkies[15] bound;

1 Task.—2 The rest.—3 Grandchild.—4 Her farewell entertainment.—5 Corner.—6 Bench.—7 Stretches.—8 The cat.—9 Young cheese.—10 Loaf.—11 To taste.—12 Burthen.—13 The horse.—14 The miller's perquisite.—15 Cows.

Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wonted tids[1],
An' ca' the laiglen's[2] treasure on the ground;
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to green[3],
Their joins to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
An' hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil:
The cruizy[4], too, can only blink and bleer;
The restit ingle 's done the maist it dow;
Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod[5] to clear their drumly pow[6],
Till wauken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, an' a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock[7] and cou'ter turn the gleyb[8],
An' banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's simmers ay look gay an' green;
Her yellow ha'rsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bien[9],
Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith freed;
An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

[1] Fits.—[2] The milk-pail.—[3] To long.—[4] The lamp.—[5] Pillow.—[6] Thick heads.—[7] Ploughshare.—[8] Soil.—[9] Comfortable.

THOMAS SCOTT.

BORN 17—. DIED 17—.

FROM LYRIC POEMS, DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL. LONDON, 1773.

GOVERNMENT OF THE MIND.

IMPERIAL Reason, hold thy throne,
  Conscience to censure and approve
Belongs to thee. Ye Passions, own
  Subjection, and in order move.

Enchanting order! Peace how sweet!
  Delicious harmony within;
Blest self-command, thy power I greet,
  Ah! when shall I such empire win!

The hero's laurel fades; the fame
  For boundless science is but wind;
And Samson's strength a brutal name,
  Without dominion of the mind.

* * * * * * *

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

BORN 1694.—DIED 1773.

ON NASH'S PICTURE AT FULL LENGTH BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR I. NEWTON AND MR. POPE AT BATH.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath—
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You 'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BORN 1728.—DIED 1774.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Ferney, and county of Longford, in Ireland. His father held the living of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath. There was a tradition in the family, that they were descended from Juan Romeiro, a Spanish gentleman, who had settled in Ireland, in the sixteenth century, and had married a woman, whose name of Goldsmith was adopted by their descendants. Oliver was instructed in reading and writing by a schoolmaster in his father's parish, who had been a quarter-master in the wars of Queen Anne; and who, being fond of relating his adventures, is supposed to have communicated to the young mind of his pupil the romantic and wandering disposition which shewed

itself in his future years. He was next placed under the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin, and was received into the house of his father's brother, Mr. Goldsmith, of Ballyoughter. Some relations and friends of his uncle, who were met on a social party, happening to be struck with the sprightliness of Oliver's abilities, and knowing the narrow circumstances of his father, offered to join in defraying the expense of giving him a liberal education. The chief contributor was the Rev. Thomas Contarine[1], who had married our poet's aunt. He was accordingly sent, for some time, to the school of Athlone, and afterwards to an academy at Edgeworthstown, where he was fitted for the university. He was admitted a sizer of Trinity college, Dublin, in his fifteenth year, a circumstance which denoted remarkable proficiency; and three years afterwards, was elected one of the exhibitioners on the foundation of Erasmus Smith. But though he occasionally distinguished himself by his translations from the

[1] This benevolent man was descended from the noble family of the Contarini of Venice. His ancestor, having married a nun in his native country, was obliged to fly with her into France, where she died of the small-pox. Being pursued by ecclesiastical censures, Contarini came to England; but the puritanical manners, which then prevailed, having afforded him but a cold reception, he was on his way to Ireland, when, at Chester, he met with a young lady of the name of Chaloner, whom he married. Having afterwards conformed to the established church, he, through the interest of his wife's family, obtained ecclesiastical preferment in the diocese of Elphin. Their lineal descendant was the benefactor of Goldsmith.

classics, his general appearance at the university corresponded neither with the former promises, nor future development of his talents. He was, like Johnson, a lounger at the college-gate. He gained neither premiums nor a scholarship, and was not admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts till two years after the regular time. His backwardness, it would appear, was the effect of despair more than of wilful negligence. He had been placed under a savage tutor, named Theaker Wilder, who used to insult him at public examinations, and to treat his delinquencies with a ferocity that broke his spirit. On one occasion, poor Oliver was so imprudent as to invite a company of young people, of both sexes, to a dance and supper in his rooms. On receiving intelligence of which, Theaker grimly repaired to the place of revelry, belaboured him before his guests, and rudely broke up the assembly. The disgrace of this inhuman treatment drove him for a time from the university. He set out from Dublin, intending to sail from Cork for some other country, he knew not whither; but, after wandering about till he was reduced to such famine, that he thought a handful of gray pease, which a girl gave him at a wake, the sweetest repast he had ever tasted, he returned home, like the prodigal son, and matters were adjusted for his being received again at college.

About the time of his finally leaving the university his father died. His uncle Contarine, from whom he experienced the kindness of a father, wished him to have taken orders, and Oliver is said to have ap-

plied for them, but to have been rejected; though for what reason is not sufficiently known. He then accepted the situation of private tutor in a gentleman's family, and retained it long enough to save about £30, with which he bought a tolerable horse, and went forth upon his adventures. At the end of six weeks, his friends, having heard nothing of him, concluded that he had left the kingdom, when he returned to his mother's house, without a penny, upon a poor little horse, which he called Fiddleback, and which was not worth more than twenty shillings. The account which he gave of himself was, that he had been at Cork, where he had sold his former horse, and paid his passage to America; but the ship happening to sail whilst he was viewing the curiosities of the city, he had just money enough left to purchase Fiddleback, and to reach the house of an old acquaintance on the road. This nominal friend, however, had received him very coldly; and, in order to evade his application for pecuniary relief, had advised him to sell his diminutive steed, and promised him another in its place, which should cost him nothing either for price or provender. To confirm this promise, he pulled out an oaken staff from beneath a bed. Just as this generous offer had been made, a neighbouring gentleman came in, and invited both the miser and Goldsmith to dine with him. Upon a short acquaintance, Oliver communicated his situation to the stranger, and was enabled, by his liberality, to proceed upon his journey. This was his story. His mother, it may be sup-

posed, was looking rather gravely upon her prudent child, who had such adventures to relate, when he concluded them by saying, "and now, my dear "mother, having struggled so hard to come home "to you, I wonder that you are not more rejoiced "to see me." Mr. Contarine next resolved to send him to the Temple; but on his way to London he was fleeced of all his money in gaming, and returned once more to his mother's house in disgrace and affliction. Again was his good uncle reconciled to him, and equipped him for Edinburgh, that he might pursue the study of medicine.

On his arrival at Edinburgh he took lodgings, and sallied forth to take a view of the city; but, at a late hour, he recollected that he had omitted to inform himself of the name and address of his landlady; and would not have found his way back, if he had not fortunately met with the porter who had carried his luggage. After attending some courses of medical lectures at Edinburgh, he was permitted, by his uncle, to repair to Leyden, for the sake of finishing his studies, when his departure was accelerated by a debt, which he had contracted by becoming security for an acquaintance, and from the arrest attending which, he was only saved by the interference of a friend. If Leyden, however, was his object, he, with the usual eccentricity of his motions, set out to reach it by way of Bourdeaux, and embarked in a ship which was bound thither from Leith; but which was driven, by stress of weather, into Newcastle upon Tyne. His fellow passengers

were some Scotchmen, who had been employed in raising men in their own country for the service of the king of France. They were arrested, by orders from government, at Newcastle; and Goldsmith, who had been committed to prison with them, was not liberated till after a fortnight's confinement. By this accident, however, he was eventually saved from an early death. The vessel sailed during his imprisonment, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where every soul on board perished.

On being released, he took shipping for Holland, and arrived at Leyden, where he continued about a twelvemonth, and studied chemistry and anatomy. At the end of that time, having exhausted his last farthing at the gaming table, and expended the greater part of a supply, which a friend lent him, in purchasing some costly Dutch flower-roots, which he intended for a present to his uncle, he set out to make the tour of Europe on foot, unincumbered at least by the weight of his money. The manner in which he occasionally subsisted, during his travels, by playing his flute among the peasantry, and by disputing at the different universities, has been innumerable times repeated. In the last, and most authentic account of his life, the circumstance of his having ever been a travelling tutor is called in question. Assistance from his uncle must have reached him, as he remained for six months at Padua, after having traversed parts of Flanders, France, Germany, and Switzerland, in the last of which countries he wrote the first sketch of his "Traveller."

His uncle having died while he was in Italy, he was obliged to travel on foot through France to England, and arrived in London in extreme distress. He was for a short time usher in an academy, and was afterwards found and relieved, by his old friend Dr. Sleigh, in the situation of journeyman to a chemist. By his friend's assistance he was enabled to take lodgings in the city, and endeavoured to establish himself in medical practice. In this attempt he was unsuccessful; but through the interest of Dr. Milner, a dissenting clergyman, he obtained the appointment of a physician to one of the factories in India; and, in order to defray the expense of getting thither, prepared to publish, by subscription, his "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe." For some unknown reason, his appointment to India was dropped; and we find him, for seven or eight months, writing in Dr. Griffiths's Monthly Review, for a salary, and his board and lodging in the proprietor's house. Leaving this employment, he went into private lodgings, and finished his "Enquiry into the State of Literature," which was published in 1759. The rest of his history from this period becomes chiefly that of his well-known works. His principal literary employments, previous to his raising himself into notice by his poetry, were conducting the Lady's Magazine, writing a volume of essays, called "the Bee," "Letters on English History," "Letters of a Citizen of the World," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Boswell has related the affecting circumstances in which

Dr. Johnson found poor Goldsmith in lodgings at Wine-office court, Fleet-street, where he had finished the Vicar of Wakefield, immured by bailiffs from without, and threatened with expulsion by his landlady from within. The sale of the novel for 60*l.* brought him present relief; and within a few years from that time, he emerged from his obscurity to the best society and literary distinction. But whatever change of public estimation he experienced, the man was not to be altered, and he continued to exhibit a personal character which was neither much reformed by experience, nor dignified by reputation. It is but too well known, that with all his original and refined faculties, he was often the butt of witlings, and the dupe of impostors. He threw away his money at the gaming table, and might also be said to be a losing gambler in conversation, for he aimed in all societies at being brilliant and argumentative; but generally chose to dispute on the subjects which he least understood, and contrived to forfeit as much credit for common sense as could be got rid of in colloquial intercourse. After losing his appointment to India, he applied to Lord Bute for a salary, to be enabled to travel into the interior of Asia. The petition was neglected, because he was then unknown. The same boon, however, or some adequate provision, might have been obtained for him afterwards, when he was recommended to the Earl of Northumberland, at that time lord-lieutenant of Ireland. But when he waited on the earl, he threw away his prepared compliments on his lordship's

steward, and then retrieved the mistake by telling the nobleman, for whom he had meditated a courtly speech, that he had no confidence in the patronage of the great, but would rather rely upon the booksellers. There must have been something, however, with all his peculiarities, still endearing in his personal character. Burke was known to recal his memory with tears of affection in his eyes. It cannot be believed, that the better genius of his writings was always absent from his conversation. One may conceive graces of his spirit to have been drawn forth by Burke or Reynolds, which neither Johnson nor Garrick had the sensibility to appreciate.

For the last ten years of his life he lived in the Temple. He was one of the earliest members of the Literary Club. At the institution of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds procured for him the honorary appointment of professor of ancient history. Many tributes, both of envy and respect, were paid to his celebrity; among the latter, an address is preserved, which was sent to him as a public character, by the since celebrated Thomas Paine. Paine was at that time an officer of excise, and was the principal promoter of an application to parliament for increasing the salaries of excisemen. He had written a pamphlet on the subject, which he sent to Goldsmith, and solicited an interview for the sake of interesting him farther in the scheme. In the year 1770 he visited France; but there is nothing in his correspondence to authenticate any interesting particulars of his journey.

The three important eras of his literary life were those of his appearance as a novelist, a poet, and a dramatic writer. The "Vicar of Wakefield" was finished in 1763; but was not printed till two years after, when his "Traveller," in 1765, had established his fame. The ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," came out in the following year; and in 1768 the appearance of his "Good Natured Man" made a bold and happy change in the reigning fashion of comedy, by substituting merriment for insipid sentiment. His "Deserted Village" appeared in 1769; and his second comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," in 1773. At intervals, between those works, he wrote his "Roman and English Histories," besides biographies and introductions to books. These were all executed as tasks for the booksellers; but with a grace which no other man could give to task-work. His "History of the Earth and Animated Nature" was the last, and most amusing, of these prose undertakings. In the mean time he had consumed more than the gains of all his labours by imprudent management, and had injured his health by occasional excesses of application. His debts amounted to 4000*l*. "Was ever poet," said Dr. Johnson, "so trusted before?" To retrieve his finances, he contracted for new works to the booksellers, engaged to write comedies for both the theatres, and projected an "Universal Dictionary of the Sciences." But his labours were terminated by a death not wholly unimputable to the imprudence which had pervaded his life. In a fever,

induced by strangury and distress of mind, he made use of Dr. James's powders, under circumstances which he was warned would render them dangerous. The symptoms of his disease grew immediately more alarming, and he expired at the end of a few days, in his forty-sixth year.

Goldsmith's poetry enjoys a calm and steady popularity. It inspires us, indeed, with no admiration of daring design, or of fertile invention; but it presents, within its narrow limits, a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages, be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection, to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society, with pictures of life, that touch the heart by their familiarity. His language is certainly simple, though it is not cast in a rugged or careless mould. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. Deliberately as he wrote, he cannot be accused of wanting natural and idiomatic expression; but still it is select and refined expression. He uses the ornaments which must always distinguish true poetry from prose; and when he adopts colloquial plainness, it is with the utmost care and skill, to avoid a vulgar humility. There is

more of this sustained simplicity, of this chaste œconomy and choice of words in Goldsmith, than in any modern poet, or perhaps than would be attainable or desirable as a standard for every writer of rhyme. In extensive narrative poems such a style would be too difficult. There is a noble propriety even in the careless strength of great poems as in the roughness of castle walls; and, generally speaking, where there is a long course of story, or observation of life to be pursued, such exquisite touches as those of Goldsmith would be too costly materials for sustaining it. But let us not imagine that the serene graces of this poet were not admirably adapted to his subjects. His poetry is not that of impetuous, but of contemplative sensibility; of a spirit breathing its regrets and recollections, in a tone that has no dissonance with the calm of philosophical reflection. He takes rather elevated speculative views of the causes of good and evil in society; at the same time, the objects which are most endeared to his imagination are those of familiar and simple interest; and the domestic affections may be said to be the only genii of his romance. The tendency towards abstracted observation in his poetry agrees peculiarly with the compendious form of expression which he studied[1];

[1] There is perhaps no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of the "Traveller," in which he describes the once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French.

"They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
"Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem."

whilst the homefelt joys, on which his fancy loved to repose, required at once the chastest and sweetest colours of language, to make them harmonize with the dignity of a philosophical poem. His whole manner has a still depth of feeling and reflection, which gives back the image of nature unruffled and minutely. He has no redundant thoughts, or false transports; but seems, on every occasion, to have weighed the impulse to which he surrendered himself. Whatever ardour or casual felicities he may have thus sacrificed, he gained a high degree of purity and self possession. His chaste pathos makes him an insinuating moralist, and throws a charm of Claude-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. But his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association; and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house, and listen to the "varnished clock that clicked behind the door."

He betrays so little effort to make us visionary by the usual and palpable fictions of his art; he keeps apparently so close to realities, and draws certain conclusions, respecting the radical interests of man, so boldly and decidedly, that we pay him a compliment, not always extended to the tuneful tribe, that of judging his sentiments by their strict and logical interpretation. In thus judging him by the test of his philosophical spirit, I am not prepared to say,

that he is a purely impartial theorist. He advances general positions, respecting the happiness of society, founded on limited views of truth, and under the bias of local feelings. He contemplates only one side of the question. It must be always thus in poetry. Let the mind be ever so tranquilly disposed to reflection, yet if it retains poetical sensation, it will embrace only those speculative opinions that fall in with the tone of the imagination. Yet I am not disposed to consider his principles as absurd, or his representations of life as the mere reveries of fancy.

In the "Deserted Village" he is an advocate for the agricultural, in preference to the commercial prosperity of a nation; and he pleads for the blessings of the simpler state, not with the vague predilection for the country which is common to poets, but with an earnestness that professes to challenge our soberest belief. Between Rousseau's celebrated letter on the influence of the sciences, and this popular poem, it will not be difficult to discover some resemblance of principles. They arrive at the same conclusions against luxury; the one from contemplating the ruins of a village, and the other from reviewing the downfal of empires. But the English poet is more moderate in his sentiments than the philosopher of Geneva; he neither stretches them to such obvious paradox, nor involves them in so many details of sophistry; nor does he blaspheme all philosophy and knowledge in pronouncing a malediction on luxury. Rousseau is the advocate of

savageness, Goldsmith only of simplicity. Still, however, his theory is adverse to trade, and wealth, and arts. He delineates their evils, and disdains their vaunted benefits. This is certainly not philosophical neutrality; but a neutral balancing of arguments would have frozen the spirit of poetry. We must consider him as a pleader on that side of the question, which accorded with the predominant state of his heart; and, considered in that light, he is the poetical advocate of many truths. He revisits a spot consecrated by his earliest and tenderest recollections; he misses the bloomy flush of life, which had marked its once busy, but now depopulated scenes; he beholds the inroads of monopolizing wealth, which had driven the peasant to emigration; and, tracing the sources of the evil to "Trade's proud empire," which has so often proved a transient glory, and an enervating good, he laments the state of society, "where wealth accumulates and men decay." Undoubtedly, counter views of the subject might have presented themselves, both to the poet and philosopher. The imagination of either might have contemplated, in remote perspective, the replenishing of empires beyond the deep, and the diffusion of civilized existence, as eventual consolations of futurity, for the present sufferings of emigration. But those distant and cold calculations of optimism would have been wholly foreign to the tone and subject of the poem. It was meant to fix our patriotic sympathy on an innocent and suffering class of the community,

to refresh our recollections of the simple joys, the sacred and strong local attachments, and all the manly virtues of rustic life. Of such virtues the very remembrance is by degrees obliterated in the breasts of a commercial people. It was meant to rebuke the luxurious and selfish spirit of opulence, which, imitating the pomp and solitude of feudal abodes, without their hospitality and protection, surrounded itself with monotonous pleasure grounds, which indignantly " spurned the cottage from the green."

On the subject of those mis-named improvements, by the way, in which

" Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
" Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,"

the possessors themselves of those places have not been always destitute of compunctions similar to the sentiments of the poet. Mr. Potter, in his " Observations on the Poor Laws," has recorded an instance of it. " When the late Earl of Leicester " was complimented upon the completion of his " great design at Holkham, he replied, ' It is a " melancholy thing to stand alone in one's country. " I look round, not a house is to be seen but mine. " I am the Giant of Giant Castle; and have eat up " all my neighbours.' "

Although Goldsmith has not examined all the points and bearings of the question suggested by the changes in society which were passing before his eyes, he has strongly and affectingly pointed out

the immediate evils with which those changes were pregnant. Nor while the picture of Auburn delights the fancy, does it make an useless appeal to our moral sentiments. It may be well sometimes that society, in the very pride and triumph of its improvement, should be taught to pause and look back upon its former steps; to count the virtues that have been lost, or the victims that have been sacrificed by its changes. Whatever may be the calculations of the political economist as to ultimate effects, the circumstance of agricultural wealth being thrown into large masses, and of the small farmer exiled from his scanty domain, foreboded a baneful influence on the independent character of the peasantry, which it is by no means clear that subsequent events have proved to be either slight or imaginary.

Pleasing as Goldsmith is, it is impossible to ascribe variety to his poetical character; and Dr. Johnson has justly remarked something of an echoing resemblance of tone and sentiment between the "Traveller" and "Deserted Village." But the latter is certainly an improvement on its predecessor. The field of contemplation in the "Traveller" is rather desultory. The other poem has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction in poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the "Deserted Village."

THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
  Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
  But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;

My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
  Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
  When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
        crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
  As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man sup-
        plies:

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home,
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;

Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, represt by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile.
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
  My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
  Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
  Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
  But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart;
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
  way,

These far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn: and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here;
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy;
But foster'd even by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,

Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
 Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
 Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
 ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,

The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;

The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:

But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.
Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps dis-
play,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;

And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend, as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!
"Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce,
"I get these things often;" but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind; but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner!

What say you—a pasty, it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself;"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotsman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge,
Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinnage and pudding made
hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish
rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his
brogue,
And, " Madam," quoth he, " may this bit be my
poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst."
" The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate
cheek,
" I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
all."
" O--ho!" quoth my friend, " he'll come on in a
trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty"—" A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
" I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
" What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot;
" Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."

"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

BORN 1710.—DIED 1774.

PAUL WHITEHEAD was the son of a tailor, in London; and, after a slender education, was placed as an apprentice to a woollen-draper. He afterwards went to the Temple, in order to study law. Several years of his life (it is not quite clear at what period) were spent in the Fleet-prison, owing to a debt which he foolishly contracted, by putting his name to a joint security for 3000*l*. at the request of his friend Fleetwood, the theatrical manager, who persuaded him that his signature was a mere matter of form. How he obtained his liberation we are not informed.

In the year 1735 he married a Miss Anne Dyer, with whom he obtained ten thousand pounds. She was homely in her person, and very weak in intellect; but Whitehead, it appears, always treated her with respect and tenderness.

He became, in the same year, a satirical rhymer against the ministry of Walpole; and having published his "State Dunces," a weak echo of the manner of the "Dunciad," he was patronized by the opposition, and particularly by Bubb Doddington. In 1739 he published the "Manners," a satire, in which Mr. Chalmers says, that he attacks every thing venerable in the constitution. The poem is

not worth disputing about; but it is certainly a mere personal lampoon, and no attack on the constitution. For this invective he was summoned to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, but concealed himself for a time, and the affair was dropped. The threat of prosecuting him, it was suspected, was meant as a hint to Pope, that those who satirized the great might bring themselves into danger; and Pope (it is pretended) became more cautious. There would seem, however, to be nothing very terrific in the example of a prosecution, that must have been dropped either from clemency or conscious weakness. The ministerial journals took another sort of revenge, by accusing him of irreligion; and the evidence, which they candidly and consistently brought to substantiate the charge, was the letter of a student from Cambridge, who had been himself expelled from the university for atheism.

In 1744 he published another satire, entitled the "Gymnasiad," on the most renowned boxers of the day. It had at least the merit of being harmless.

By the interest of Lord Despenser, he obtained a place under government, that of deputy treasurer of the chamber; and, retiring to a handsome cottage, which he purchased at Twickenham, he lived in comfort and hospitality, and suffered his small satire and politics to be equally forgotten. Churchill attacked him in a couplet,

"May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall)
"Be born a Whitehead, and baptized a Paul."

But though a libertine like Churchill, he seems not to have been the worse man of the two. Sir John Hawkins gives him the character of being good hearted, even to simplicity; and says, that he was esteemed at Twickenham for his kind offices, and for composing quarrels among his neighbours.

HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold;
The meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold!
Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport;
The slave of the state hunt the smiles of a court:
No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.
With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us he's flung out in the chase.
With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;
And the practis'd coquette, though she seems to
refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the woodlands
to roam,
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports, &c.

WALTER HARTE.

BORN (*about*) 1700.—DIED 1774.

THE father of this writer was a fellow of Pembroke college, Oxford, prebendary of Wells, and vicar of St. Mary's, at Taunton, in Somersetshire. When Judge Jefferies came to the assizes at Taunton, to execute vengeance on the sharers of Monmouth's rebellion, Mr. Harte waited upon him in private, and remonstrated against his severities. The judge listened to him attentively, though he had never seen him before. It was not in Jefferies's nature to practise humanity; but, in this solitary instance, he shewed a respect for its advocate; and in a few months, advanced the vicar to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Bristol. At the revolution the aged clergyman resigned his preferments, rather than take the oath of allegiance to King William; an action which raises our esteem of his intercession with Jefferies, while it adds to the unsalutary examples, of men supporting tyrants, who have had the virtue to hate their tyranny.

The accounts that are preserved of his son, the poet, are not very minute or interesting. The date of his birth has not even been settled. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine fixes it about 1707; but, by the date of his degrees at the university, this supposition is utterly inadmissible; and all circumstances considered, it is impossible to suppose that

he was born later than 1700. He was educated at Marlborough college, and took his degree of master of arts at Oxford, in 1720. He was introduced to Pope at an early period of his life; and, in return for the abundant adulation which he offered to that poet, was rewarded with his encouragement, and even his occasional assistance in versification. Yet, admirer as he was of Pope, his manner leans more to the imitation of Dryden. In 1727 he published, by subscription, a volume of poems, which he dedicated to the Earl of Peterborough, who, as the author acknowledges, was the first patron of his muse. In the preface it is boasted, that the poems had been chiefly written under the age of nineteen. As he must have been several years turned of twenty, when he made this boast, it exposes either his sense or veracity to some suspicion. He either concealed what improvements he had made in the poems, or shewed a bad judgment in not having improved them.

His next publications, in 1730 and 1735, were an "Essay on Satire," and another on "Reason," to both of which Pope is supposed to have contributed many lines. Two sermons, which he printed, were so popular as to run through five editions. He therefore rose, with some degree of clerical reputation, to be principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; and was so much esteemed, that Lord Lyttleton recommended him to the Earl of Chesterfield, as the most proper tutor and travelling companion to his son. Harte had, indeed, every requisite for the preceptorship of Mr. Stanhope, that a Graevius or Gronovius could

have possessed; but none of those for which we should have supposed his father to have been most anxious. He was profoundly learned, but ignorant of the world, and awkward in his person and address. His pupil and he, however, after having travelled together for four years, parted with mutual regret; and Lord Chesterfield shewed his regard for Harte by procuring for him a canonry of Windsor.

During his connexion with Lord Peterborough, that nobleman had frequently recommended to him to write the life of Gustavus Adolphus. For this historical work he collected, during his travels, much authentic and original information. It employed him for many years, and was published in 1759; but either from a vicious taste, or from his having studied the idioms of foreign languages, till he had forgotten those of his own, he wrote his history in a style so obscure and uncouth, that its merits, as a work of research, were overlooked, and its reception from the public was cold and mortifying. Lord Chesterfield, in speaking of its being translated into German, piously wishes "that its author had translated it into "English; as it was full of Germanisms, Latinisms, "and all *isms* but Anglicisms." All the time, poor Harte thought he was writing a style less laboured and ornate than that of his cotemporaries; and when George Hawkins, the bookseller, objected to some of his most violent phrases, he used to say, "George, "that is what we call writing." This infatuation is the more surprising, that his Sermons, already mentioned, are marked by no such affectation of manner;

and he published in 1764 " Essays on Husbandry," which are said to be remarkable for their elegance and perspicuity.

Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, said, " that " Harte was a very vain man: that he left London " on the day of his ' Life of Gustavus' being pub- " lished, in order to avoid the great praise he was " to receive; but Robertson's ' History of Scotland' " having come out the same day, he was ashamed " to return to the scene of his mortification." This sarcastic anecdote comes in the suspicious company of a blunder as to dates, for Robertson's " History " of Scotland" was published a month after Harte's " Life of Gustavus;" and it is besides, rather an odd proof of a man's vanity, that he should have run away from expected compliments.

The failure of his historical work is alleged to have mortified him so deeply, as to have affected his health. All the evidence of this, however, is deduced from some expressions in his letters, in which he complains of frequent indisposition. His biographers, first of all, take it for granted, that a man of threescore could not possibly be indisposed from any other cause than from reading harsh reviews of his " Life of Gustavus;" and then, very consistently, show the folly of his being grieved at the fate of his history, by proving that his work was reviewed, on the whole, rather in a friendly and laudatory manner. Harte, however, was so far from being a martyr, either to the justice or injustice of criticism, that he prepared a second

edition of the "Life of Gustavus" for the press; and announced, in a note, that he had finished the "History of the thirty years War in Germany." His servant Dore, afterwards an innkeeper at Bath, got possession of his MSS. and this work is supposed to be irrecoverably lost. In the mean time, he was struck with a palsy in 1766, which attacked him again in 1769, and put a period to his life, five years after. At the time of his death he was vicar of St. Austel and Blazy, in Cornwall.

His poetry is little read; and I am aware of hazarding the appearance of no great elegance of taste, in professing myself amused and interested by several parts of it, particularly by his "Amaranth." In spite of pedantry and grotesqueness, he appears, in numerous passages, to have condensed the reflection and information of no ordinary mind. If the reader dislikes his story of "Eulogius," I have only to inform him, that I have taken some pains to prevent its being more prolix than is absolutely necessary, by the mechanical reduction of its superfluities.

EULOGIUS: OR, THE CHARITABLE MASON.

FROM THE GREEK OF PAULUS SYLLOGUS.

In ancient times, scarce talk'd of, and less known,
When pious Justin fill'd the eastern throne,
In a small dorp, till then for nothing fam'd,
And by the neighb'ring swains Thebaïs nam'd,

Eulogius liv'd: an humble mason he;
In nothing rich, but virtuous poverty.
From noise and riot he devoutly kept,
Sigh'd with the sick, and with the mourner wept;
Half his earn'd pittance to poor neighbours went;
They had his alms, and he had his content.
Still from his little he could something spare
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.
He gave, whilst aught he had, and knew no bounds;
The poor man's drachma stood for rich men's pounds;
He learnt with patience, and with meekness taught,
His life was but the comment of his thought.

* * * * * * * * *

On the south aspect of a sloping hill,
Whose skirts meand'ring Penus washes still,
Our pious lab'rer pass'd his youthful days
In peace and charity, in pray'r and praise.
No theatres or oaks around him rise,
Whose roots earth's centre touch, whose head the skies;
No stately larch-tree there expands a shade
O'er half a rood of Larisséan glade:
No lofty poplars catch the murm'ring breeze,
Which loit'ring whispers on the cloud-capp'd trees;
Such imag'ry of greatness ill became
A nameless dwelling, and an unknown name!
Instead of forest-monarchs, and their train,
The unambitious rose bedeck'd the plain;
On skirting heights thick stood the clust'ring vine,
And here and there the sweet-leav'd eglantine,

One lilac only, with a statelier grace,
Presum'd to claim the oak's and cedar's place,
And, looking round him with a monarch's care,
Spread his exalted boughs to wave in air.
This spot, for dwelling fit, Eulogius chose,
And in a month a decent home-stall rose,
Something, between a cottage and a cell——
Yet virtue here could sleep, and peace could dwell.
From living stone (but not of Parian rocks),
He chipp'd his pavement, and he squar'd his blocks:
And then, without the aid of neighbours' art,
Perform'd the carpenter's and glazier's part.
The site was neither granted him, nor giv'n;
'Twas nature's; and the ground-rent due to heav'n.
Wife he had none: nor had he love to spare;
An aged mother wanted all his care.
They thank'd their Maker for a pittance sent,
Supp'd on a turnip, slept upon content.
Four rooms, above, below, this mansion grac'd,
With white-wash deckt, and river-sand o'ercast:
The first, (forgive my verse if too diffuse,)
Perform'd the kitchen's and the parlour's use:
The second, better bolted and immur'd,
From wolves his out-door family secur'd:
(For he had twice three kids, besides their dams;
A cow, a spaniel, and two fav'rite lambs:)
A third, with herbs perfum'd, and rushes spread,
Held, for his mother's use, a feather'd bed:
Two moss-matrasses in the fourth were shown;
One for himself, for friends and pilgrims one.

No flesh from market-towns our peasant sought;
He rear'd his frugal meat, but never bought:
A kid sometimes for festivals he slew;
The choicer part was his sick neighbour's due:
Two bacon-flitches made his Sunday's cheer;
Some the poor had, and some out-liv'd the year:
For roots and herbage, (rais'd at hours to spare),
With humble milk, compos'd his usual fare.
(The poor man then was rich, and liv'd with glee;
Each barley-head untaxt, and daylight free:)
All had a part in all the rest could spare,
The common water, and the common air.
Meanwhile God's blessings made Eulogius thrive,
The happiest, most contented man alive.
His conscience cheer'd him with a life well spent,
His prudence a superfluous something lent,
Which made the poor who took, and poor who gave, content.
Alternate were his labours and his rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.
Eusebius, hermit of a neighb'ring cell,
His brother Christian mark'd, and knew him well:
With zeal unenvying, and with transport fir'd,
Beheld him, prais'd him, lov'd him, and admir'd.
" Then hear me, gracious Heav'n, and grant my pray'r;
" Make yonder man the fav'rite of thy care:
" Nourish the plant with thy celestial dew,
" Like manna let it fall, and still be new:

" Expand the blossoms of his gen'rous mind,
" Till the rich odour reaches half mankind.
" Then may his soul its free-born range enjoy,
" Give deed to will, and ev'ry pow'r employ."
The hermit's pray'r permitted, not approv'd;
Soon in an higher sphere Eulogius mov'd.
One day, in turning some uncultur'd ground,
(In hopes a freestone quarry might be found),
His mattock met resistance, and behold
A casket burst, with di'monds fill'd, and gold.
He cramm'd his pockets with the precious store,
And every night review'd it o'er and o'er;
Till a gay conscious pride, unknown as yet,
Touch'd a vain heart, and taught it to forget:
And, what still more his stagg'ring virtue tried,
His mother, tut'ress of that virtue, died.
A neighb'ring matron, not unknown to fame,
(Historians give her Teraminta's name),
The parent of the needy and distress'd,
With large demesnes and well sav'd treasure blest.
(For, like th' Egyptian prince, she hoarded store
To feed at periodic dearths the poor);
This matron, whiten'd with good works and age,
Approach'd the sabbath of her pilgrimage;
Her spirit to himself th' Almighty drew;——
Breath'd on th' alembic, and exhal'd the dew.
In souls prepar'd, the passage is a breath
From time t' eternity, from life to death.
But first, to make the poor her future care,
She left the good Eulogius for her heir.

Who but Eulogius now exults for joy?
New thoughts, new hopes, new views his mind employ.
Pride push'd forth buds at ev'ry branching shoot,
And virtue shrunk almost beneath the root.
High rais'd on Fortune's hill, new Alps he spies,
O'ershoots the valley which beneath him lies,
Forgets the depths between, and travels with his eyes.
The tempter saw the danger in a trice,
(For the man slidder'd upon Fortune's ice):
And, having found a corpse half dead, half warm,
Reviv'd it, and assum'd a courtier's form:
Swift to Thebais urg'd his airy flight;
And measur'd half the globe in half a night.
Libanius like[1], he play'd the sophist's part,
And by soft marches stole upon the heart:
Maintain'd that station gave new birth to sense,
And call'd forth manners, courage, eloquence:
Then touch'd with sprightly dashes here and there,
(Correctly strong, yet seeming void of care),
The master-topic, which may most men move,
The charms of beauty and the joys of love!
Eulogius falter'd at the first alarms,
And soon the 'waken'd passions buzz'd to arms;
Nature the clam'rous bell of discord rung,
And vices from dark caverns swift upsprung.
So, when hell's monarch did his summons make,
The slumb'ring demons started from the lake.

[1] A famous Greek rhetorician in the fourth century, whose orations are still extant.

And now, the treasure found, and matron's store,
Sought other objects than the tatter'd poor;
Part to humiliated Apicius went,
A part to gaming confessors was lent,
And part, O virtuous Thais, paid thy rent.
Poor folks have leisure hours to fast and pray;
Our rich man's bus'ness lay another way:
No farther intercourse with heav'n had he,
But left good works to men of low degree:
Warm as himself pronounc'd each ragged man,
And bade distress to prosper as it can:
Till, grown obdurate by mere dint of time,
He deem'd all poor men rogues, and want a crime.
Fame, not contented with her broad highway,
Delights, for change, through private paths to stray;
And, wand'ring to the hermit's distant cell,
Vouchsaf'd Eulogius' history to tell.
At night a dream confirm'd the hermit more;
He 'spied his friend on beds of roses laid;
Round him a crowd of threat'ning furies stands,
With instruments of vengeance in their hands.
He wak'd aghast: he tore his hair,
And rent his sackcloth garments in despair;
Walk'd to Constantinople, and inquir'd
Of all he met; at length the house desir'd
By chance he found, but no admission gain'd;
A Thracian slave the porter's place maintain'd,
(Sworn foe to thread-bare suppliants), and with pride
His master's presence, nay, his name, denied.

There walk'd Eusebius at the dawn of light,
There walk'd at noon, and there he walk'd at night.
In vain.—At length, by Providence's care,
He found the door unclos'd, nor servants near.
He enter'd, and through sev'ral rooms of state
Pass'd gently; in the last Eulogius sat.
Old man, good morrow, the gay courtier cried;
God give you grace, my son, the sire replied:
And then, in terms as moving and as strong,
As clear, as ever fell from angel's tongue,
Besought, reprov'd, exhorted, and condemn'd:
Eulogius knew him, and, though known, contemned.
The hermit then assum'd a bolder tone;
His rage was kindled, and his patience gone.
Without respect to titles or to place,
I call thee (adds he) miscreant to thy face.
My pray'rs drew down heav'n's bounty on thy head,
And in an evil hour my wishes sped.
Ingratitude's black curse thy steps attend,
Monster to God, and faithless to thy friend!
* * * * The hermit went
Back to Thebais full of discontent;
Saw his once-impious rashness more and more,
And, victim to convinc'd contrition, bore
With Christian thankfulness the marks he wore.
And then on bended knees with tears and sighs
He thus invok'd the Ruler of the skies:
" My late request, all-gracious Power, forgive!
" And—that yon miscreant may repent, and live,

"Give him that poverty which suits him best,
"And leave disgrace and grief to work the rest."
So pray'd the hermit, and with reason pray'd.—
Some plants the sunshine ask, and some the shade.
At night the nure-trees spread, but check their bloom
At morn, and lose their verdure and perfume.
The virtues of most men will only blow,
Like coy auriculas, in Alpine snow:
Transplant them to the equinoctial line,
Their vigour sickens, and their tints decline.
Meanwhile Eulogius, unabash'd and gay,
Pursu'd his courtly track without dismay:
Remorse was hoodwink'd, conscience charm'd away.
Reason the felon of herself was made,
And nature's substance hid by nature's shade!
Our fine man, now completed, quickly found
Congenial friends in Asiatic ground.
Th' advent'rous pilot in a single year
Learn'd his state cock-boat dext'rously to steer.
By other arts he learns the knack to thrive;
The most obsequious parasite alive:
Chameleon of the court, and country too;
Pays Cæsar's tax, but gives the mob their due;
And makes it, in his conscience, the same thing
To crown a tribune, or behead a king.
On less important days, he pass'd his time
In virtuoso-ship, and crambo-rhyme:
In gaming, jobbing, fiddling, painting, drinking,
And ev'ry art of using time, but thinking.

He gives the dinners of each upstart man,
As costly, and luxurious, as he can;
Then weds an heiress of suburbian mold,
Ugly as apes, but well endow'd with gold;
There fortune gave him his full dose of strife,
A scolding woman, and a jealous wife!
T' increase this load, some sycophant report
Destroy'd his int'rest and good grace at court.
At this one stroke the man look'd dead in law:
His flatt'rers scamper, and his friends withdraw.
And now (to shorten my disast'rous tale)
Storms of affronts pour'd in as thick as hail.
Each scheme for safety mischievously sped,
And the drawn sword hung o'er him by a thread.
Child he had none. His wife with sorrow died;
Few women can survive the loss of pride.

The Demon having tempted Eulogius to engage in rebellion against his Prince, he is cast into prison.

Here, were it not too long, I might declare
The motives and successes of the war;
The prowess of the knights, their martial deeds,
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, and their steeds;
Till Belisarius at a single blow
Suppress'd the faction and repell'd the foe.
By a quick death the traitors he reliev'd;
Condemn'd, if taken; famish'd, if repriev'd.
Now see Eulogius (who had all betray'd
Whate'er he knew) in loathsome dungeon laid:

A pris'ner, first of war, and then of state:
Rebel and traitor ask a double fate!
But good Justinian, whose exalted mind
(In spite of what Pirasmus urg'd) inclin'd
To mercy, soon the forfeit-life forgave,
And freed it from the shackles of a slave.
Then spoke with mild, but in majestic strain,
Repent, and haste thee to Larissa's plain,
Or wander through the world, another Cain.
Thy lands and goods shall be the poor man's lot,
Or feed the orphans, you've so long forgot.
Forsaken, helpless, recogniz'd by none,
Proscrib'd Eulogius left th' unprosp'rous town:
For succour at a thousand doors he knock'd;
Each heart was harden'd, and each door was lock'd.
A pilgrim's staff he bore, of humble thorn;
Pervious to winds his coat, and sadly torn:
Shoes he had none: a beggar gave a pair,
Who saw feet poorer than his own, and bare.
He drank the stream, on dew-berries he fed,
And wildings harsh supplied the place of bread;
Thus homeward urg'd his solitary way;
(Four years had he been absent to a day.)
Fame through Thebaïs his arrival spread,
Half his old friends reproach'd him, and half fled:
Of help and common countenance bereft,
No creature own'd him, but a dog he left.
Compunction touch'd his soul, and, wiser made
By bitter suff'rings, he resum'd his trade:

Thank'd heav'n for want of pow'r and want of pelf,
That he had lost the world, and found himself.
Conscience and charity reviv'd their part,
And true humility enrich'd the heart,
While grace celestial with enliv'ning ray
Beam'd forth, to gild the ev'ning of his day.
His neighbours mark'd the change, and each man strove
By slow degrees t' applaud him, and to love.
So Peter, when his tim'rous guilt was o'er,
Emerg'd, and stood twice firmer than before.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, AND ACQUIESCENCE UNDER THE DIVINE WILL.

AN ODE.

Why dwells my unoffended eye
On yon blank desert's trackless waste;
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast?
There Lysidor's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains Eudosia's praise:
There herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze.
Yet does my soul complacence find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!
* * * * * *

Tremble, and yonder Alp behold,
Where half dead nature gasps below,
Victim of everlasting cold,
Entomb'd alive in endless snow.
The northern side is horror all;
Against the southern Phœbus plays;
In vain th' innoxious glimm'rings fall,
The frost outlives, outshines the rays.
Yet consolation still I find;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!
* * * * * *

For nature rarely form'd a soil
Where diligence subsistence wants:
Exert but care, nor spare the toil,
And all beyond, th' Almighty grants.
Each earth at length to culture yields,
Each earth its own manure contains:
Thus the Corycian nurst his fields,
Heav'n gave th' increase, and he the pains.
Th' industrious peace and plenty find;
All due to thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Scipio sought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gain'd the prize,
Stole from th' ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be low and wise!

He serv'd the state with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retir'd;
Dismounting from th' unruly horse,
To rule himself, as sense requir'd.
Without a sigh, he pow'r resign'd.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

When Dioclesian sought repose,
Cloy'd and fatigu'd with nauseous pow'r,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools t' admire, and rogues devour:
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health,
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And chang'd a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil sooth'd his cares, his blood refin'd——
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

He, who had rul'd the world, exchang'd
His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
Postponing (as through groves he rang'd)
Court splendour to the rural shade.
Child of his hand, th' engrafted thorn
More than the victor laurel pleas'd:
Heart's-ease, and meadow-sweet, adorn
The brow, from civic garlands eas'd.

Fortune, however poor, was kind.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Thus Charles, with justice styl'd the great
For valour, piety, and laws;
Resign'd two empires to retreat,
And from a throne to shades withdraws;
In vain (to sooth a monarch's pride)
His yoke the willing Persian bore:
In vain the Saracen complied,
And fierce Northumbrians stain'd with gore.
One Gallic farm his cares confin'd;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Observant of th' almighty will,
Prescient in faith, and pleas'd with toil,
Abram Chaldea left, to till
The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil:
Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
But labour turn'd th' ungrateful plain,
And famine was by art repell'd;
Patience made churlish nature kind.——
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

ANONYMOUS.

FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1774.

VERSES.

Copied from the window of an obscure lodging-house, in the neighbourhood of London.

STRANGER! whoe'er thou art, whose restless mind,
Like me within these walls is cribb'd, confined;
Learn how each want that heaves our mutual sigh
A woman's soft solicitudes supply.
From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the magic circle of her arms;
While souls exchanged alternate grace acquire,
And passions catch from passions glorious fire:
What though to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival every fair but mine;
No nodding plumes, our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No silver lamp with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray;
Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight beguile,
Soothe every care, and make each dungeon smile:
In her, what kings, what saints have wish'd, is given,
Her heart is empire, and her love is heaven.

EDWARD LOVIBOND.

BORN ——. DIED 1775.

EDWARD LOVIBOND was a gentleman of fortune, who lived at Hampton, in Middlesex, where he chiefly amused himself with the occupations of rural economy. According to the information of Mr. Chalmers, he was a director of the East India Company. He assisted Moore in his periodical paper called the "World," to which he contributed "The Tears of Old May-Day," and four other papers.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

WRITTEN ON THE REFORMATION OF THE CALENDAR.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, up rose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light,
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
  A golden key and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
  And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
  The grateful honours of mankind to taste:
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
  And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
  Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and love's mysterious rite,
  Brush the light dew-drops from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's wealthy pride
  Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine:
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
  A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
  To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabor's sprightlier sound
  Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
  Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson died—
"O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
  "My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cried.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
  The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
  The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at heav'n's prolific mandate sprung
  The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
  Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
  And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys rung;
The sun exulted in his glorious round,
  And shouting planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
  Saw youth, and joy, and love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild graces in my train appear,
  And infant beauty brighten in my smiles.

No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,
  Three sister seasons danc'd th' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring softness gently vied
  With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too soon, when man profan'd the blessings giv'n,
  And vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native heav'n
  I fled, and flying saw the deluge rage;

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis sunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primæval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th'Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denied;
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
  My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
  To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted beauties flow,
  What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
  And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
  Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
  Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
  Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
  Through clouds embattled faintly wings her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
  Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
  When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face,
  And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung from April's wayward race,
  The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
  With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace,
With blushes, harb'ring, in their thin disguise,
  The blasts that riot on the Spring's increase?

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
  By Europe's laws, and senates' stern command?
Ungen'rous Europe! let me fly thy soil,
  And waft my treasures to a grateful land;

Again revive, on Asia's drooping shore,
  My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
  Embow'ring shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
  There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the regions of eternal frost,
  And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then Britain—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
  And parting pangs, her falt'ring tongue supprest:
Veil'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
  And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

SONG TO * * * *.

What! bid me seek another fair
In untried paths of female wiles?
And posies weave of other hair,
And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah no!—my dying lips shall close,
Unalter'd love, as faith, professing;
Nor praising him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing.
My last address to Heav'n is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

BORN 1721.—DIED 1777.

Francis Fawkes made translations from some of the minor Greek poets (viz. Anacreon, Sappho, Bion and Moschus, Musæus, Theocritus, and Apollonius), and modernized the description of "May and Winter," from Gawin Douglas. He was born in Yorkshire, studied at Cambridge, was curate of Croydon, in Surrey, where he obtained the friend-

ship of Archbishop Herring, and by him was collated to the vicarage of Orpington, in Kent. By the favour of Dr. Plumptre, he exchanged this vicarage for the rectory of Hayes, and was finally made chaplain to the Princess of Wales. He was the friend of Johnson, and Warton; a learned and a jovial parson.

THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with
    mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boosing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease
In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale.

ANONYMOUS.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

In Phœbus' region while some bards there be
That sing of battles, and the trumpet's roar;
Yet these, I ween, more powerful bards than me,
Above my ken, on eagle pinions soar!
Haply a scene of meaner view to scan,
Beneath their laurel'd praise my verse may give,
To trace the features of unnoticed man;
Deeds, else forgotten, in the verse may live!
Her lore, mayhap, instructive sense may teach,
From weeds of humbler growth within my lowly reach.

A wight there was, who single and alone
Had crept from vigorous youth to waning age,
Nor e'er was worth, nor e'er was beauty known
His heart to captive, or his thought engage:
Some feeble joyaunce, though his conscious mind
Might female worth or beauty give to wear,
Yet to the nobler sex he held confin'd
The genuine graces of the soul sincere,
And well could show with saw or proverb quaint,
All semblance woman's soul, and all her beauty paint.

In plain attire this wight apparel'd was,
(For much he conn'd of frugal lore and knew)
Nor, till some day of larger note might cause,
From iron-bound chest his better garb he drew:
But when the Sabbath-day might challenge more,
Or feast, or birth-day, should it chance to be,
A glossy suit devoid of stain he wore,
And gold his buttons glanced so fair to see,
Gold clasp'd his shoon, by maiden brush'd so sheen,
And his rough beard he shav'd, and donn'd his linen clean.

But in his common garb a coat he wore,
A faithful coat that long its lord had known,
That once was black, but now was black no more,
Attinged by various colours not its own.
All from his nostrils was the front imbrown'd,
And down the back ran many a greasy line,
While, here and there, his social moments own'd
The generous signet of the purple wine.
Brown o'er the bent of eld his wig appear'd,
Like fox's trailing tail by hunters sore affeir'd.

One only maid he had, like turtle true,
But not like turtle gentle, soft, and kind;
For many a time her tongue bewray'd the shrew,
And in meet words unpack'd her peevish mind.
Ne form'd was she to raise the soft desire
That stirs the tingling blood in youthful vein,
Ne form'd was she to light the tender fire,
By many a bard is sung in many a strain:

Hook'd was her nose, and countless wrinkles told
What no man durst to her, I ween, that she was old.

When the clock told the wonted hour was come
When from his nightly cups the wight withdrew,
Right patient would she watch his wending home,
His feet she heard, and soon the bolt she drew.
If long his time was past, and leaden sleep
O'er her tir'd eye-lids 'gan his reign to stretch,
Oft would she curse that men such hours should
keep,
And many a saw 'gainst drunkenness would
preach;
Haply if potent gin had arm'd her tongue,
All on the reeling wight a thundering peal she rung.

For though the blooming queen of Cyprus' isle
O'er her cold bosom long had ceas'd to reign,
On that cold bosom still could Bacchus smile,
Such beverage to own if Bacchus deign:
For wine she priz'd not much, for stronger drink
Its medicine, oft a cholic-pain will call,
And for the medicine's sake, might envy think,
Oft would a cholic-pain her bowels enthral;
Yet much the proffer did she loath, and say
No dram might maiden taste, and often answer'd
nay.

So as in single animals he joy'd,
One cat, and eke one dog, his bounty fed;

The first the cate-devouring mice destroy'd,
Thieves heard the last, and from his threshold fled:
All in the sun-beams basked the lazy cat,
Her mottled length in couchant posture laid;
On one accustomed chair while Pompey sat,
And loud he bark'd should Puss his right invade
The human pair oft mark'd them as they lay,
And haply sometimes thought like cat and dog were they.

A room he had that faced the southern ray,
Where oft he walk'd to set his thoughts in tune,
Pensive he paced its length an hour or tway,
All to the music of his creeking shoon.
And at the end a darkling closet stood,
Where books he kept of old research and new
In seemly order rang'd on shelves of wood,
And rusty nails and phials not a few:
Thilk place a wooden box beseemeth well,
And papers squar'd and trimm'd for use unmeet to tell.

For still in form he placed his chief delight,
Nor lightly broke his old accustom'd rule,
And much uncourteous would he hold the wight
That e'er displaced a table, chair, or stool;
And oft in meet array their ranks he placed,
And oft with careful eye their ranks review'd.
For novel forms, tho' much those forms had graced,
Himself and maiden-minister eschew'd:

One path he trod, nor ever would decline
A hair's unmeasur'd breadth from off the even line.

A Club select there was, where various talk
On various chapters pass'd the ling'ring hour,
And thither oft he bent his evening walk,
And warm'd to mirth by wine's enlivening pow'r.
And oft on politics the preachments ran
If a pipe lent its thought-begetting fume,
And oft important matters wou'd they scan,
And deep in council fix a nation's doom,
And oft they chuckled loud at jest or jeer,
Or bawdy tale the most, thilk much they lov'd to hear.

For men like him they were of like consort,
Thilk much the honest muse must needs condemn,
Who made of women's wiles their wanton sport,
And bless'd their stars that kept the curse from them!
No honest love they knew, no melting smile
That shoots the transports to the throbbing heart!
Thilk knew they not but in a harlot's guile
Lascivious smiling through the mask of art:
And so of women deem'd they as they knew,
And from a Demon's traits an Angel's picture drew.

But most abhorr'd they Hymeneal rites,
And boasted oft the freedom of their fate,
Nor 'vail'd, as they opin'd, its best delytes
Those ills to balance that on wedlock wait;
And often would they tell of hen-peck'd fool
Snubb'd by the hard behest of sour-ey'd dame,
And vow'd no tongue-arm'd woman's freakish rule
Their mirth should quail, or damp their generous flame:
Then pledged their hands, and toss'd their bumpers o'er,
And Io! Bacchus! sung, and own'd no other pow'r

If e'er a doubt of softer kind arose
Within some breast of less obdurate frame,
Lo! where its hideous form a Phantom shows
Full in his view, and Cuckold is its name.
Him Scorn attended with a glance askew,
And Scorpion Shame for delicts not his own,
Her painted bubbles while Suspicion blew,
And vex'd the region round the Cupid's throne
" Far be from us," they cry'd, " the treach'rous bane,
" Far be the dimply guile, and far the flow'ry chain!"

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

BORN 1709.—DIED 1779.

JOHN ARMSTRONG was born in Roxburghshire, in the parish of Castleton, of which his father was the clergyman. He completed his education, and took a medical degree, at the university of Edinburgh, with much reputation, in the year 1732. Amidst his scientific pursuits, he also cultivated literature and poetry. One of his earliest productions in verse, was an "Imitation of the Style of Shakespeare," which received the approbation of the poets Young and Thomson; although humbler judges will perhaps be at a loss to perceive in it any striking likeness to his great original. Two other sketches, also purporting to be imitations of Shakespeare, are found among his works. They are the fragments of an unfinished tragedy. One of them, the "Dream of Progne," is not unpleasing. In the other, he begins the description of a storm by saying, that

"*The sun went down in wrath, the skies foam'd brass.*"

It is uncertain in what year he came to London; but in 1735 he published an anonymous pamphlet, severely ridiculing the quackery of untaught practitioners. He dedicated this performance to Joshua Ward, John Moore, and others, whom he styles "the Antacademic philosophers, and the generous "despisers of the schools." As a physician he never obtained extensive practice. This he himself

imputed to his contempt of the little artifices, which, he alleges, were necessary to popularity: by others, the failure was ascribed to his indolence and literary avocations; and there was probably truth in both accounts. A disgraceful poem, entitled, "The Œconomy of Love," which he published after coming to London, might have also had its share in impeding his professional career. He corrected the nefarious production, at a later period of his life, betraying at once a consciousness of its impurity, and a hankering after its reputation. So unflattering were his prospects, after several years residence in the metropolis, that he applied (it would seem without success) to be put on the medical staff of the forces, then going out to the West Indies. His "Art of Preserving Health" appeared in 1744, and justly fixed his poetical reputation. In 1746 he was appointed physician to the hospital for sick soldiers, behind Buckingham House. In 1751 he published his poem on "Benevolence;" in 1753 his "Epistle on Taste," and in 1758 his prose "Sketches, by Launcelot Temple." Certainly none of these productions exalted the literary character, which he had raised to himself by his "Art of preserving Health." The poems "Taste" and "Benevolence" are very insipid. His "Sketches" have been censured more than they seem to deserve for "oaths and exclamations, and for a constant struggle to say smart things[1]." They contain indeed some expressions which might be wished away, but these are very few

[1] Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary.

in number; and several of his essays are plain and sensible, without any effort at humour.

In 1760 he was appointed physician to the forces that went over to Germany. It is at this era of his life that we should expect its history to be the most amusing, and to have furnished the most important relics of observation, from his having visited a foreign country which was the scene of war, and where he was placed, by his situation, in the midst of interesting events. It may be pleasing to follow heroes into retirement; but we are also fond of seeing men of literary genius amidst the action and business of life. Of Dr. Armstrong in Germany, however, we have no other information than what is afforded by his epistle to Wilkes, entitled "Day," which is by no means a bright production, and chiefly devoted to subjects of eating. With Wilkes he was, at that time, on terms of friendship; but their cordiality was afterwards dissolved by politics. Churchill took a share in the quarrel, and denounced our author as a monster of ingratitude towards Wilkes, who had been his benefactor; and Wilkes, by subsequently attacking Armstrong in the Daily Advertiser, shewed that he did not disapprove of the satirist's reproaches. To such personalities Armstrong might have replied in the words of Prior,

"To John I owed great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure John and I are more than quit."

But though his temper was none of the mildest, he had the candour to speak with gratitude of Wilkes's former kindness, and acknowledged that he was indebted to him for his appointment in the army.

After the peace he returned to London, where his practice, as well as acquaintance, was confined to a small circle of friends; but among whom he was esteemed as a man of genius. From the originality of his mind, as well as from his reading, and more than ordinary taste in the fine arts, his conversation is said to have been richly entertaining. Yet if the character which is supposed to apply to him in the "Castle of Indolence"[1] describe him justly, his colloquial delightfulness must have been intermittent. In 1770 he published a collection of his Miscellanies, containing a new prose piece, "The Universal Almanack," and "The Forced Marriage," a tragedy, which had been offered to Garrick, but refused. The whole was ushered in by a preface, full of arrogant defiance to public opinion. "He had never "courted the public," he said, "and if it was true "what he had been told, that the best judges were "on his side, he desired no more in the article of "fame as a writer." There was a good deal of matter in this collection, that ought to have rendered its author more modest. The "Universal

[1] Armstrong's character is said to have been painted in the stanza of the "Castle of Indolence" beginning

"With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
"(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
"One shyer still, who quite detested talk," &c

Almanack" is a wretched production, to which the objections of his propensity to swearing, and abortive efforts at humour, apply more justly than to his "Sketches;" and his tragedy, the "Forced Marriage," is a *mortuum caput* of insipidity. In the following year he visited France and Italy, and published a short, but splenetic account of his tour, under his old assumed name of Launcelot Temple. His last production was a volume of "Professional Essays," in which he took more trouble to abuse quacks than became his dignity, and shewed himself a man to whom the relish of life was not improving, as its feast drew towards a close. He died in September, 1779, of a hurt, which he accidentally received in stepping out of a carriage; and, to the no small surprise of his friends, left behind him more than £3000, saved out of a very moderate income, arising principally from his half pay.

His "Art of Preserving Health" is the most successful attempt, in our language, to incorporate material science with poetry. Its subject had the advantage of being generally interesting; for there are few things that we shall be more willing to learn, either in prose or verse, than the means of preserving the outward bulwark of all other blessings. At the same time, the difficulty of poetically treating a subject, which presented disease in all its associations, is one of the most just and ordinary topics of his praise. Of the triumphs of poetry over such difficulty, he had no doubt high precedents, to shew that strong and true delineations of phy-

sical evil are not without an attraction of fearful interest and curiosity to the human mind; and that the enjoyment, which the fancy derives from conceptions of the bloom and beauty of healthful nature, may be heightened, by contrasting them with the opposite pictures of her mortality and decay. Milton had turned disease itself into a subject of sublimity, in the vision of Adam, with that intensity of the fire of genius, which converts whatever materials it meets with into its aliment; and Armstrong, though his powers were not Miltonic, had the courage to attempt what would have repelled a more timid taste. His Muse might be said to shew a professional intrepidity in chusing the subject; and, like the physician who braves contagion, (if allowed to prolong the simile,) we may add, that she escaped, on the whole, with little injury from the trial. By the title of the poem, the author judiciously gave his theme a moral as well as a medical interest. He makes the influence of the passions an entire part of it. By professing to describe only how health is to be preserved, and not how it is to be restored, he avoids the unmanageable horrors of clinical detail; and though he paints the disease, wisely spares us its pharmaceutical treatment. His course through the poem is sustained with lucid management and propriety. What is explained of the animal œconomy is obscured by no pedantic jargon, but made distinct, and, to a certain degree, picturesque to the conception. We need not indeed be reminded how small a portion of science can be communicated in

poetry; but the practical maxims of science, which the Muse has stamped with imagery and attuned to harmony, have so far an advantage over those which are delivered in prose, that they become more agreeable and permanent acquisitions of the memory. If the didactic path of his poetry is, from its nature, rather level, he rises above it, on several occasions, with a considerable strength of poetical feeling. Thus, in recommending the vicinity of woods around a dwelling, that may shelter us from the winds, whilst it enables us to hear their music, he introduces the following pleasing lines:

"Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
"The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
"To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
"Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
"Above the luxury of vulgar sleep."

In treating of diet he seems to have felt the full difficulty of an humble subject, and to have sought to relieve his precepts and physiological descriptions, with all the wealth of allusion and imagery which his fancy could introduce. The appearance of a forced effort is not wholly avoided, even where he aims at superior strains, in order to garnish the meaner topics, as when he solemnly addresses the Naiads of all the rivers in the world, in rehearsing the praises of a cup of water. But he closes the book in a strain of genuine dignity. After contemplating the effects of Time on the human body, his view of its influence dilates, with easy and majestic extension, to the

universal structure of nature; and he rises from great to greater objects with a climax of sublimity.

" What does not fade? the tower that long had stood
" The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
" Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
" Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
" And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
" Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
" Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
" Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
" And tottering empires crush by their own weight.
" This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
" And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
" The sun himself, shall die."

He may, in some points, be compared advantageously with the best blank verse writers of the age; and he will be found free from their most striking defects. He has not the ambition of Akenside, nor the verbosity of Thomson. On the other hand, shall we say that he is equal in genius to either of those poets? Certainly his originality is nothing like Thomson's; and the rapture of his heroic sentiments is unequal to that of the author of the " Pleasures of Imagination." For, in spite of the too frequently false pomp of Akenside, we still feel, that he has a devoted moral impulse, not to be mistaken for the cant of morality, a zeal in the worship of virtue, which places her image in a high and hallowed light. Neither has his versification

the nervous harmony of Akenside's, for his habit of pausing almost uniformly at the close of the line, gives an air of formality to his numbers. His vein has less mixture than Thomson's; but its ore is not so fine. Sometimes, we find him trying his strength with that author, in the same walk of description, where, though correct and concise, he falls beneath the poet of the "Seasons" in rich and graphic observation. He also contributed to the "Castle of Indolence" some stanzas, describing the diseases arising from sloth, which form rather an useful back-ground to the luxuriant picture of the Castle, than a prominent part of its enchantment.

On the whole, he is likely to be remembered as a poet of judicious thoughts and correct expression; and, as far as the rarely successful application of verse to subjects of science can be admired, an additional merit must be ascribed to the hand, which has reared poetical flowers on the dry and difficult ground of philosophy.

FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH, BOOK I. ENTITLED 'AIR.'

OPENING OF THE POEM IN AN INVOCATION TO HYGEIA.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygeia; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!

Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the shuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth, and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south:
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

CHOICE OF A RURAL SITUATION, AND ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OF THE QUARTAN AGUE.

FROM THE SAME.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundering chimnies, tame

The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all the unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat!
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
Where choose thy seat in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). O! from the summer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess

In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away:
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train:
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

RECOMMENDATION OF A HIGH SITUATION ON THE SEA-COAST.

FROM THE SAME.

MEANTIME, the moist malignity to shun
Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills: where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north.
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just

And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

ADDRESS TO THE NAIADS.

FROM BOOK II. ENTITLED 'DIET.'

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there in gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades

Enwrap these infant floods! through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
Command) to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works:
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable streams! with eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.

Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

—— RICHARDSON,

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

O THOU that glad'st my lonesome hours,
With many a wildly warbled song,
When Melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her sullen storms along;
When fell Adversity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
With all her host of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
And give the humbled heart to sympathy's control;

Sweet soother of my mis'ry, say,
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why dost thou pour that artless lay?
How canst thou, little prisoner, sing?
Hast thou not cause to grieve
That man, unpitying man! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou should'st, as well as he, receive—
The pow'r to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build where instinct points, where chance directs to rove?

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
Nor wishest to be unconfin'd;
Then how relentless he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave such innocence
Of life's best blessing, Liberty!
Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care!

But why for thee this fond complaint?
Above thy master thou art blest:
Art thou not free?—Yes: calm Content
With olive sceptre sways thy breast:
Then deign with me to live;
The falcon with insatiate maw,
With hooked bill and griping claw,

Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive;
And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,
While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
Thy wiry tenement assail;
These, these shall be my constant care,
The limpid fount, and temperate meal;
And when the blooming Spring
In chequer'd liv'ry robes the fields,
The fairest flow'rets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring;
A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine!

From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave—
This meed she knows thy merits claim;
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to dispense
The tide of bland benevolence,
And melody's soft aid impart;
Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,
Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile when, brooding o'er my soul,
Frown'd the black demons of despair,

Did not thy voice that pow'r control,
And oft suppress the rising tear?
If Fortune should be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm blest,
I'll often seek some friend distrest,
And when the weeping wretch I find,
Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
And solace all his woes with social sympathy.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

BORN 1735.—DIED 1779.

John Langhorne was the son of a beneficed clergyman in Lincolnshire. He was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland. His father dying when he was only four years old, the charge of giving him his earliest instruction devolved upon his mother, and she fulfilled the task with so much tenderness and care, as to leave an indelible impression of gratitude upon his memory. He recorded the virtues of this parent on her tomb, as well as in an affectionate monody. Having finished his classical education at the school of Appleby, in his eighteenth year, he engaged himself as private tutor in a family near Rippon. His next employment was that of assistant to the free school of Wakefield. While in that situation he took deacon's orders; and, though he was still very young, gave indications of popular attrac-

tion as a preacher. He soon afterwards went as preceptor into the family of Mr. Cracroft, of Hackthorn, where he remained for a couple of years, and during that time entered his name at Clare-hall, Cambridge, though he never resided at his college, and consequently never obtained any degree. He had at Hackthorn a numerous charge of pupils, and as he has not been accused of neglecting them, his time must have been pretty well occupied in tuition; but he found leisure enough to write and publish a great many pieces of verse, and to devote so much of his attention to a fair daughter of the family, Miss Anne Cracroft, as to obtain the young lady's partiality, and ultimately her hand. He had given her some instructions in the Italian, and probably trusting that she was sufficiently a convert to the sentiment of that language, which pronounces that "all time "is lost which is not spent in love," he proposed immediate marriage to her. She had the prudence, however, though secretly attached to him, to give him a firm refusal for the present; and our poet, struck with despondency at the disappointment, felt it necessary to quit the scene, and accepted of a curacy in the parish of Dagenham. The cares of love, it appeared, had no bad effect on his diligence as an author. He allayed his despair by an apposite ode to Hope; and continued to pour out numerous productions in verse and prose, with that florid facility which always distinguished his pen. Among these, his "Letters of Theodosius and Constantia" made him, perhaps, best known as a prose writer.

His "Letters on Religious Retirement" were dedicated to Bishop Warburton, who returned him a most encouraging letter on his just sentiments in matters of religion; and, what was coming nearer to the author's purpose, took an interest in his worldly concerns. He was much less fortunate in addressing a poem, entitled "The Viceroy," to the Earl of Halifax, who was then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. This heartless piece of adulation was written with the view of obtaining his lordship's patronage; but the viceroy was either too busy, or too insensible to praise, to take any notice of Langhorne. In his poetry of this period, we find his "Visions of Fancy;" his first part of the "Enlargement of the Mind;" and his pastoral "Valour and Genius," written in answer to Churchill's "Prophecy of Famine." In consequence of the gratitude of the Scotch for this last poem, he was presented with the diploma of doctor in divinity by the university of Edinburgh. His profession and religious writings gave an appearance of propriety to this compliment, which otherwise would not have been discoverable, from any striking connexion of ideas, between a doctorship of divinity and an eclogue on Valour and Genius.

He came to reside permanently in London in 1764, having obtained the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell. Being soon afterwards called to be assistant preacher at Lincoln's-inn Chapel, he had there to preach before an audience, which comprehended a much greater number of learned and

intelligent persons than are collected in ordinary congregations; and his pulpit oratory was put to, what is commonly reckoned, a severe test. It proved to be also an honourable test. He continued in London for many years, with the reputation of a popular preacher and a ready writer. His productions in prose, besides those already named, were his "Sermons;" "Effusions of Fancy and Friendship;" "Frederick and Pharamond, or the Consolations of Human Life;" "Letters between St. Evremond and Waller;" "A Translation of Plutarch's Lives," written in conjunction with his brother, which might be reckoned a real service to the bulk of the reading community[1];" "Memoirs of Collins;" and "A Translation of Denina's Dissertation on the Ancient Republics of Italy" He also wrote for several years in the Monthly Review. An attempt which he made in tragedy, entitled "The Fatal Prophecy," proved completely unsuccessful; and he so far acquiesced in the public decision, as never to print it more than once. In an humbler walk of poetry he composed the "Country Justice" and the "Fables of Flora." The Fables are very garish. The Country Justice was written from observations on the miseries of the poor, which came home to his own heart; and it has, at least, the merit of drawing our attention to the substantial interests of humanity.

In 1767, after a courtship of several years, he obtained Miss Cracroft in marriage, having corre-

[1] The translation of Plutarch has been since corrected and improved by Mr. Wrangham

sponded with her from the time he had left her father's house; and her family procured for him the living of Blagden, in Somersetshire; but his domestic happiness with her was of short continuance, as she died of her first child, the son who lived to publish Dr. Langhorne's works.

In 1772 he married another lady of the name of Thomson, the daughter of a country gentleman, near Brough, in Westmoreland; and shortly after their marriage, he made a tour with his bride through some part of France and Flanders. At the end of a few years he had the misfortune to lose her, by the same fatal cause which had deprived him of his former partner. Otherwise his prosperity increased. In 1777 he was promoted to a prebend in the cathedral of Wells; and in the same year was enabled to extend his practical usefulness and humanity by being put in the commission of the peace, in his own parish of Blagden. From his insight into the abuses of parochial office, he was led at this time to compose the poem of "The Country Justice," already mentioned. The tale of "Owen of Carron" was the last of his works. It will not be much to the advantage of this story to compare it with the simple and affecting ballad of "Gill Morrice," from which it was drawn. Yet having read "Owen of Carron" with delight when I was a boy, I am still so far a slave to early associations, as to retain some predilection for it.

The particular cause of Dr. Langhorne's death, at the age of forty-four, is not mentioned by his bio-

graphers, further than by a surmise that it was accelerated by intemperance. From the general decency of his character, it may be presumed that his indulgencies were neither gross nor notorious; though habits short of such excess might undermine his constitution.

It is but a cheerless task of criticism, to pass with a cold look and irreverent step, over the literary memories of men, who, though they may rank low in the roll of absolute genius, have yet possessed refinement, information, and powers of amusement, above the level of their species, and such as would interest and attach us in private life. Of this description was Langhorne; an elegant scholar, and an amiable man. He gave delight to thousands, from the press and the pulpit; and had sufficient attraction, in his day, to sustain his spirit and credit as a writer, in the face of even Churchill's envenomed satire. Yet, as a prose writer, it is impossible to deny that his rapidity was the effect of lightness more than vigour; and, as a poet, there is no ascribing to him either fervour or simplicity. His Muse is elegantly languid. She is a fine lady, whose complexion is rather indebted to art than to the healthful bloom of nature. It would be unfair not to except from this observation several plain and manly sentiments, which are expressed in his poem "On the Enlargement of the Mind," and some passages in his "Country Justice," which are written with genuine feeling.

FROM THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

PART I.

Duties of a Country Justice —The venerable mansions of ancient Magistrates contrasted with the fopperies of modern architecture —Appeal in behalf of Vagrants.

The social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdu'd by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel,
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
For this fair Justice rais'd her sacred arm;
For this the rural magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.
Oft, where old Air in conscious glory sails,
On silver waves that flow through smiling vales;
In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was laid,
Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade;
With many a group of antique columns crown'd,
In Gothic guise such mansion have I found.
Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits that sore bedizen nature's face,

Of the more manly structures here ye view;
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have mov'd my spleen
With Venus and the Graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shopman, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books?
But spare my Venus, spare each sister Grace,
Ye cits, that sore bedizen nature's face!
Ye royal architects, whose antic taste
Would lay the realms of sense and nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no courtly creature sees,
Snakes on the ground, or monkeys in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall
On the plain precincts of the ancient hall.
For though no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's paroquets;
Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;
Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphinx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.
Long have these mighty monsters known disgrace,
Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;
Where, round the hall, the oak's high surbase rears
The field day triumphs of two hundred years.

Th' enormous antlers here recal the day
That saw the forest monarch forc'd away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain past,
Not finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepar'd to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!
Here fam'd for cunning, and in crimes grown old
Hangs his gray brush, the felon of the fold.
Oft as the rent-feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Though known to ev'ry tenant of the vale.
Here, where of old the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are spread!
Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast sirloin
Vied in round magnitude—Respect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.
These, and such antique tokens that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gewgaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,
More than all Asia's marmosets to view,
Grin, frisk, and water in the walks of Kew.
Through these fair valleys, stranger, hast thou stray'd,
By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the magistratial chair?

There Herbert sat—The love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and Mercy's melting shade:
Justice that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one orphan's tear;
Fair equity, and reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart—
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail
Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.
  Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan:
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.
  He whom the mighty master of this ball
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the patriarch's truth, however loth,
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.
  Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?
  Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
  For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;

For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
  Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

GYPSIES.

FROM THE SAME.

The gypsy-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love.
Not Wilkes, our Freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx of the common shore.
  For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,

Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky Elfins strain
The sable eye, then snugging, sleep again;
Oft as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.
Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of fate!
From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold,
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.
But, ah! ye maids, beware the gypsy's lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung!
The parson's maid—sore cause had she to rue
The gypsy's tongue; the parson's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know
What Vellum's sprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

FROM THE SAME.

PART II.

Appeal for the industrious Poor—Rapacity of Clerks and Overseers -- Scene of actual misery, which the Author had witnessed.

But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;
That worst excrescency of power forego,
That pride of kings, humanity's first foe.
Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!
If, when from heav'n severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could pourtray,
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said)
" These people come from far, and have no bread."
Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.
He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write:
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim;
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,
The parish-officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain;
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel, overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor hind, with length of years decay'd,
Leans feebly on his once subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbrac'd hand the grasp'd hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage controul;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.

But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of th' insulting foe,
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their pray'r,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind?
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wint'ry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;—
But time untenants—hah! what seest thou there?
" Horror!—by Heav'n, extended on a bed
" Of naked fearn, two human creatures dead!
" Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
" Cold, breathless!"
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told.
They died through want—
" By every power I swear,
" If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,

"Through whose default of duty, or design,
"These victims fell, he dies."
They fell by thine.
"Infernal!—Mine!—by—"
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

A CASE WHERE MERCY SHOULD HAVE MITIGATED JUSTICE.

FROM THE SAME.

Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest care,
Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer:
Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.
Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A few seem straggling in the evening sky!
Not many suns have hastened down the day,
Or blushing moons immers'd in clouds their way,
Since there, a scene that stain'd their sacred light,
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight;
A babe just born that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursu'd,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;

Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.
  Far other treatment she who breathless lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.
  Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,
The ruffian officer oppos'd her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,
And anguish, she expir'd—the rest I've told.
  " Now let me swear—For by my soul's last sigh,
" That thief shall live, that overseer shall die."
  Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd!
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,
No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal justice first assign'd the gaol,
Or urg'd, as Camplin would have urg'd, his tale

OWEN OF CARRON.

I.

On Carron's side the primrose pale,
  Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
  Why stream your eyes with pity's dew

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
  That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
  From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,
  The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
  To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
  Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
  He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
  And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge he sung;
  Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
  Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
  Far echo'd from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's day,
  When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
  Bare rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
The fairer plains of Carron spread;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile,
And England's honest valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

"Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
"That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,
"Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
"Thy voice, the music of the shade!

"Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
"Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
"For soon those gentle arms shall prove
"The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood-glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd,
With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul beyond a vulgar state;
Th' unconquer'd banners he displays
Control our fears and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wander'd west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day;

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the waves slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lammermore;

Led by those waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
  That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
  And smiles at slumber's powerless chains;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
  At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
  And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
  What long might weary mortal wight:
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
  Darts on the unsuspecting sight.)

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
  As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
  Wav'd all the witcheries of love:

Yet was it wrought in simple show;
  Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
  Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
  The wild rose wound her damask flower;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
  That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain-air,
 In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
 Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
 The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
 Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose locks so fair
 Adown his manly shoulders flow?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
 Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
 And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flow'ry lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And, when the fleeting form was past,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
 And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Has struck thy wond'ring eye anew,
And brought the long-lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulder spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd;
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclin'd to rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imag'd on her breast,
That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe Elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame:

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in slumber's chain,
Seem'd hap'ly o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Seiz'd all her soul; she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new-cropt flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any Muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When, wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke;
" Hail, goddess of these groves, (he cried)
" O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
" O let me in thy service bide!

" For thee I'll climb the mountains steep,
" Unwearied chase the destin'd prey;
" For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
" And part the sprays that vex thy way.

" For thee"—" O stranger, cease," she said,
And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

VIII.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confin'd
Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

O love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born,
Where nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of morn;

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing love!

Ah! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
And dark distrust, with changeful face,
And jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
  And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
  And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he ?—'Tis Nithisdale!
  And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his ?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
  'Tis she (O powers of vengeance !) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue ?
  No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
  And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
  He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And, " Haste to yonder groves," he cries,
  " And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

" What time ye mark from bower or glen
  " A gentle lady take her way,
" To distance due, and far from ken,
  " Allow her length of time to stray.

" Then ransack straight that range of groves-
  " With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
" If chance a rosy stripling roves,—
  " Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
  And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
  She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
  The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
  And wond'ring still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,
  Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
  And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
  He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep,
  Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
  And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
  Left his last smile on Lammermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
  Along the fairy-featur'd vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
  And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for, at her sight,
Swift as the mountain deer he sped;
The evening shades will sink in night—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! she will chide thy trifling stay,
E'en now the soft reproach she frames:
"Can lovers brook such long delay?
"Lovers that boast of ardent flames!"

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train;
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
For her no balms their sweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds,—
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?—
'Twas some poor youth—"Ah, Nithisdale!"
She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead?
Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
. O'er all his paly visage glides—
" Ah me! what means this misery here?
" What fate this lady fair betides?"

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retir'd:—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

" O hide me in thy humble bower,"
Returning late to life, she said;
" I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
" With many a rosy wreath thy head.

" Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
" And, if my love asleep is laid,
" Oh! wake him not; but softly move
" Some pillow to that gentle head.

" Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
" Thou know'st the sun-rise o'er the sea—
" But oh! no lamb in all thy train
" Was e'er so mild, so mild as he."

" His head is on the wood-moss laid;
" I did not wake his slumber deep—
" Sweet sing the redbreast o'er the shade—
" Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
  At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
  When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
  This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wand'ring near,
  The stranger, reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
  Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure the privilege of mind
  Cannot be worth the wish of woe!

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
  A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
  No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
  The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
Till nature seeks her last left aid,
  In the sad sombrous arms of sleep.

" These jewels, all unmeet for me,
  " Shalt thou," she said, " good shepherd, take;
" These gems will purchase gold for thee,
  " And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

"So fail thou not, at eve or morn,
"The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
"Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
"Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

"Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
"Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
"For I will share her humble toil,
"And I her friendly roof will share."

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed;
He wears love's sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it clos'd, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
  She seeks th' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
  See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast?
  Is she the friend of stern control?
Wears she the despot's purple vest?
  Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
  In chains thy children's breasts to bind?
Gav'st thou the Promethean flame?
  The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great nature's—free,
  And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege she gives to thee;
  Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
  Perhaps some feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
  To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
  Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand;
Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
  Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
  Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice,
  Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love! thy bard shall own,
  Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
  Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright.

But if no radiant star of love,
  O Hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
  Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
  Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
  Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;
  No early charm returns again;
The parent, nature, keeps in store
  Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
  That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quiv'ring light,
  And shown the chequer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
  With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
  Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
  Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greenest glade,
  He fondly fram'd this simple song:

XXI.

" Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

" A silken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

" I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me sure an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

" This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

"And O thou silent picture fair,
That lov'st to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy."

XXII.

Ah, lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
Seest thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hov'ring o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his ev'ning star;
And fate's more pointed arrows move,
Insidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

"O tell me, parent if thou art,
"What is this lovely picture dear?
"Why wounds its mournful eye my heart?
"Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?'

"Ah, youth! to leave thee loth am I,
"Though I be not thy parent dear;
"And would'st thou wish, or ere I die,
"The story of thy birth to hear?

" But it will make thee much bewail,
" And it will make thy fair eye swell—"
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that sorrow doom'd to share
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

But when that seal is first imprest,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly:

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness cloth'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one—and died.

XXV.

" No, I am not a shepherd's boy,"
Awaking from his dream, he said:
" Ah, where is now the promis'd joy
" Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

" O picture dear!—for her lov'd sake
  " How fondly could my heart bewail!
" My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
  " And tell me more of this sad tale:

" O tell me more of this sad tale—
  " No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
" And I will go to Lothian's vale,
  " And more than all her waters weep."

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
  Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
" O! art thou there?" the full heart said,
  " O! art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, she is there: from idle state
  Oft has she stole her hour to weep;
Think how she " by thy cradle sat,"
  And how she " fondly saw thee sleep."

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
  Full many a tender line of love;
And still he blots the parent's name,
  For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
  Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
  That languish'd for its partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd
A parent's first embrace to wait,
And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

XXVIII.

"She comes not;—can she then delay?"
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
"Whatever filial love could say,
"To her I said, and call'd her dear.

"She comes—Oh! no—encircled round,
"'Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
"My hapless tale that earl has found—
"Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear."

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye;
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er—those locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air!

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian's halls;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
"Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale?'
The pictur'd bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er:
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

THOMAS PENROSE.

BORN 1743.—DIED 1779.

THE history of Penrose displays a dash of warlike adventure, which has seldom enlivened the biography of our poets. He was not led to the profession of arms, like Gascoigne, by his poverty, or like Quarles, Davenant, and Waller, by political circumstances; but, in a mere fit of juvenile ardour, gave up his studies at Oxford, where he was preparing to become a clergyman, and left the banners of the church for those of the battle. This was in the

summer of 1762, when the unfortunate expedition against Buenos Ayres, sailed under the command o. Captain Macnamara. It consisted of three ships: the Lord Clive, of 64 guns; the Ambuscade of 40, on board of which Penrose acted as lieutenant of marines; the Gloria, of 38; and some inferior vessels. Preparatory to an attack on Buenos Ayres, it was deemed necessary to begin with the capture of Nova Colonia, and the ships approached closely to the fortress of that settlement. The men were in high spirits; military music sounded on board; while the new uniforms, and polished arms of the marines, gave a splendid appearance to the scene. Penrose, the night before, had written and dispatched to his mistress in England, a poetical address, which evinced at once the affection and serenity of his heart, on the eve of danger. The gay preparative was followed by a heavy fire of several hours, at the end of which, when the Spanish batteries were almost silenced, and our countrymen in immediate expectation of seeing the enemy strike his colours, the Lord Clive was found to be on fire; and the same moment which discovered the flames, shewed the impossibility of extinguishing them. A dreadful spectacle was then exhibited. Men, who had, the instant before, assured themselves of wealth and conquest, were seen crowding to the sides of the ship, with the dreadful alternative of perishing by fire or water. The enemy's fire was redoubled at the sight of their calamity. Out of Macnamara's crew,

of 340 men, only 78 were saved. Penrose escaped with his life on board the Ambuscade, but received a wound in the action; and the subsequent hardships which he underwent, in a prize-sloop, in which he was stationed, ruined the strength of his constitution. He returned to England; resumed his studies at Oxford; and having taken orders, accepted of the curacy of Newbury, in Berkshire, of which his father was the rector. He resided there for nine years, having married the lady already alluded to, whose name was Slocock. A friend at last rescued him from this obscure situation, by presenting him with the rectory of Beckington and Standerwick, in Somersetshire, worth about £500 a year. But he came to his preferment too late to enjoy it. His health having never recovered from the shock of his American service, obliged him, as a last remedy, to try the hot wells at Bristol, at which place he expired, in his thirty-sixth year.

THE HELMETS.

A FRAGMENT.

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
Thro' the whole mansion—save an antique crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep (fell harbinger of death)
Of a sick boteler.—Above indeed
In a drear gall'ry (lighted by one lamp
Whose wick the poor departing Seneschal

Did closely imitate), pac'd slow and sad
The village curate, waiting late to shrive
The penitent when 'wake. Scarce show'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
That grac'd the wall—On this and t'other side
Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly group
Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
And horses' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient chivalry.—Through the stain'd pane
Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of such
pow'r
As mark'd the clouds, black, threat'ning over head,
Full mischief-fraught;—from these in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent blaze
Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind sung surly: with unusual clank
The armour shook tremendous:—On a couch
Plac'd in the oriel, sunk the churchman down:
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?——
"I hear it," cries the proudly gilded casque
(Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy
In slaught'rous deeds) "I hear amidst the gale
"The hostile spirit shouting—once—once more
"In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—
"There will be work anon."————
————"I'm 'waken'd too,"
Replied the sable helmet (tenanted
By a like inmate) "Hark!—I hear the voice

" Of the impatient ghosts, who straggling range
" Yon summit (crown'd with ruin'd battlements
" The fruits of civil discord), to the din
" The spirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,
" All join their yell—the song is war and death—
" There will be work anon."———
———" Call armourers, ho!
" Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—
" I brook no dallying"———
————" Soft, my hasty friend,"
Said the black beaver, " Neither of us twain
" Shall share the bloody toil—War-worn am I,
" Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate
" To my once master,—since unsought, unus'd,
" Pensile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride
" Has nought to boast,—the fashion of the fight
" Has thrown your gilt and shady plumes aside
" For modern foppery;—still do not frown,
" Nor lower indignantly your steely brows,
" We've comfort left enough—The bookman's lore
" Shall trace our sometime merit;—in the eye
" Of antiquary taste we long shall shine:
" And as the scholar marks our rugged front,
" He'll say, this Cressy saw, that Agincourt:
" Thus dwelling on the prowess of his fathers,
" He'll venerate their shell.—Yet, more than this,
" From our inactive station we shall hear
" The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints
" Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls:
" Already hov'ring o'er the threaten'd lands

" The famish'd raven snuffs the promis'd feast,
" And hoarslier croaks for blood—'twill flow."
————" Forbid it, heaven!
" O shield my suffering country!—Shield it," pray'd
The agonizing priest.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
 Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main
 She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
 In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
 Or sooth her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,
 (The torrent bursting from her eye)
She heard the signal for the fight—
 While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
 Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confest—
 Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon in few—but deadly words,
 Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords
 The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She prest to hear—she caught the tale—
 At every sound her blood congeal'd;—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
 She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
  She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
  And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
  Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—
—Of comfort glad, the drear caress
  The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled—
  When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-buried with the hostile dead,
  And gor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd
  —The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,—though fall'n she seem'd—
  To worse than death—and deepest night.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE

BORN 1723.—DIED 1780.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy, and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithsome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,

And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free.
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more.
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell! —a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way:
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:

Instead of these a formal band
In furs, and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens, is more admired.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;

See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end:
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour, and my conscience clear.
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

BORN 1766.—DIED 1780.

This interesting and promising young man died of a decline, in his twenty-fifth year.

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue.
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

SONG.

Cease to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms
I muse with silence on her charms;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

RICHARD JAGO.

BORN 1715.—DIED 1781.

The Rev. Richard Jago was vicar of Snitterfield, near Stratford on Avon. Shenstone, who knew him at Oxford, where Jago was a sizer, used to visit him privately, it being thought beneath the dignity of a commoner to be intimate with a student of that rank, and continued his friendship for him through life.

LABOUR AND GENIUS: OR, THE MILL-STREAM AND THE CASCADE.

A FABLE

* * * * * *

Betwixt two sloping verdant hills
A current pour'd its careless rills,
Which unambitious crept along,
With weeds and matted grass o'erhung
Till rural Genius, on a day,
Chancing along its banks to stray,
Remark'd, with penetrating look,
The latent merits of the brook,

Much griev'd to see such talents hid,
And thus the dull by-standers chid.
How blind is man's incurious race
The scope of nature's plans to trace?
How do ye mangle half her charms,
And fright her hourly with alarms?
Disfigure now her swelling mounds,
And now contract her spacious bounds?
Fritter her fairest lawns to alleys,
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?
Confine her streams with rule and line,
And counteract her whole design?
Neglecting, where she points the way,
Her easy dictates to obey?
To bring her hidden worth to sight,
And place her charms in fairest light?
* * * * * * *

He said: and to his fav'rite son
Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.
Damon his counsel wisely weigh'd,
And carefully the scene survey'd.
And, though it seems he said but little,
He took his meaning to a tittle.
And first, his purpose to befriend,
A bank he rais'd at th' upper end:
Compact and close its outward side,
To stay and swell the gath'ring tide:
But on its inner, rough and tall,
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.
The channel next he op'd to view,
And from its course the rubbish drew.

Enlarg'd it now, and now with line
Oblique pursu'd his fair design.
Preparing here the mazy way,
And there the fall for sportive play;
The precipice abrupt and steep,
The pebbled road, and cavern deep;
The rooty seat, where best to view
The fairy scene, at distance due.
He last invok'd the dryads aid,
And fring'd the borders round with shade.
Tap'stry, by Nature's fingers wove,
No mimic, but a real grove:
Part hiding, part admitting day,
The scene to grace the future play.
Damon perceives, with ravish'd eyes,
The beautiful enchantment rise.
Sees sweetly blended shade and light;
Sees ev'ry part with each unite;
Sees each, as he directs, assume
A livelier dye, or deeper gloom:
So fashion'd by the painter's skill,
New forms the glowing canvas fill:
So to the summer's sun the rose
And jessamin their charms disclose.

* * * * * * *

Not distant far below, a mill
Was built upon a neighb'ring rill:
Whose pent-up stream, whene'er let loose,
Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,
So strongly, that by friction's pow'r,
'Twould grind the firmest grain to flour

Or, by a correspondence new,
With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,
Would so bestir her active stumps,
On iron blocks, though arrant lumps,
That in a trice she'd manage matters,
To make 'em all as smooth as platters.
Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,
With as much ease as you'd cut paper.
For, though the lever gave the blow,
Yet it was lifted from below;
And would for ever have lain still,
But for the bustling of the rill;
Who, from her stately pool or ocean,
Put all the wheels and logs in motion;
Things in their nature very quiet,
Though making all this noise and riot.
  This stream that could in toil excel,
Began with foolish pride to swell:
Piqu'd at her neighbour's reputation,
And thus express'd her indignation:
  "Madam! methinks you're vastly proud,
You wasn't us'd to talk so loud.
Nor cut such capers in your pace,
Marry! what antics, what grimace!
For shame! don't give yourself such airs,
In flaunting down those hideous stairs.
Nor put yourself in such a flutter,
Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter!
I'd have you know, you upstart minx!
Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,

A lake I was, compar'd with which,
Your stream is but a paltry ditch:
And still, on honest labour bent,
I ne'er a single flash mispent.
And yet no folks of high degree
Would e'er vouchsafe to visit me,
As in their coaches by they rattle,
Forsooth! to hear your idle prattle.
Though half the business of my flooding
Is to provide them cakes and pudding:
Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,
Which, though so fine, you scarce would think it,
When Boulton's skill has fix'd their beauty,
To my rough toil first ow'd their duty.
But I'm plain Goody of the mill,
And you are—Madam Cascadille!"
" Dear Coz," replied the beauteous torrent
" Pray do not discompose your current.
That we all from one fountain flow,
Hath been agreed on long ago.
Varying our talents and our tides,
As chance or education guides.
That I have either note, or name,
I owe to him who gives me fame.
Who teaches all our kind to flow,
Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.
Now in the lake, with glassy face,
Now moving light, with dimpled grace,
Now gleaming from the rocky height,
Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.

Nor envy me the gay, or great,
That visit my obscure retreat.
None wonders that a clown can dig,
But 'tis some art to dance a jig.
Your talents are employ'd for use,
Mine to give pleasure, and amuse.
And though, dear Coz, no folks of taste
Their idle hours with you will waste,
Yet many a grist comes to your mill,
Which helps your master's bags to fill.
While I, with all my notes and trilling,
For Damon never got a shilling.
Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,
Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers:
We gain our ends by diff'rent ways,
And you get bread, and I get—praise.

HENRY BROOKE.

BORN 1706.—DIED 1783.

Henry Brooke was born in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, where his father was a clergyman. He studied at Trinity college, Dublin, and was a pupil of Dr. Sheridan; but he was taken from the university, at the age of seventeen, and sent to England, to study the law at the Temple. On his coming to London he brought letters of introduction (pro-

bably from Dr. Sheridan) to Pope and Swift, both of whom noticed him as a youth of promising talents. At the end of a few years, he returned to Dublin, and endeavoured to practise as a chamber counsel; but, without having obtained much business, involved himself in the cares of a family, by marrying a beautiful cousin of his own, who had been consigned to his guardianship. It is related, not much to his credit, that he espoused her in her thirteenth year. The union, however, proved to be as happy as mutual affection could make it. Having paid another visit to London, he renewed his acquaintance with Pope; and, with his encouragement, published his poem, entitled "Universal Beauty." This poem forms a curious, but unacknowledged prototype of Darwin's "Botanic Garden." It has a resemblance to that work, in manner, in scientific spirit, and in volant geographical allusion, too striking to be supposed accidental; although Darwin has gone beyond his original, in prominent and ostentatious imagery.

After publishing his poem he returned to Ireland, and applied to his profession; but his heart was not in it, and he came once more to England, to try his fortune as a man of letters. In that character, he was cordially received by the Prince of Wales and his friends, as an accession to their phalanx; and this patronage was the more flattering to Brooke, as the maintenance of patriotic principles was the declared bond of union at the Prince's court. He had begun to translate the

" Jerusalem" of Tasso, and had proceeded as far as the fourth book; but it is said, that he was invited to quit this task, that he might write a tragedy in the cause of Freedom, which should inspirit the people of England. Glover, it was pretended, was the epic champion of Liberty, who had pointed her spear at Walpole; and Brooke was now to turn the arm of tragedy against him, by describing a tyrannic minister, in his play of " Gustavus Vasa." With regard to Glover, this was certainly untrue. His poetry breathed the spirit of liberty, but he was above the wretched taste of making a venerable antique subject the channel of grotesque allusion to modern parties, or living characters. If Brooke's Trollio was really meant for Walpole, the minister's friends need not have been much alarmed, at the genius of a tragic poet, who could descend to double meanings. They might have felt secure, one would think, that the artifice of poets could not raise any dangerous zeal in Englishmen, against their malt or excise bills, by the most cunning hints about Thermopylæ or Dalecarlia. But, as if they had been in collusion with Brooke, to identify Walpole with Trollio, they interdicted the representation of the play. The author, therefore, published it, and got a thousand pounds by the sale.

He lived, for some time, very comfortably on this acquisition, at Twickenham, in the neighbourhood of Pope, till the state of his health obliged him to seek the benefit of his native air; when, to the surprise

of those who knew him, he determined to remain in Ireland. This resolution was owing to the influence of his wife, who apprehended that his political zeal, among his English friends, might lead him to some intemperate publication. Brooke, however, had too much of the politician to lose it by returning to his native soil. In the year of the rebellion, he addressed his "Farmer's Letters" to his countrymen, and they were supposed to have had a beneficial influence on their temper, at a critical period. He was also, to his honour, one of the earliest advocates for alleviating the penal laws against the catholics. Their pacific behaviour, in 1745, had certainly furnished him with a powerful argument in their behalf.

He wrote thirteen dramatic pieces, of which "Gustavus Vasa," and the "Earl of Essex," were the only two that ever reached the English stage. The rest were not heard of in England, till his collected works were published in 1778; but his novel, "The Fool of Quality," gave some popularity to his name. In Ireland, Lord Chesterfield gave him the appointment of a barrack-master, which he held till his death. The accounts of his private circumstances, in that kingdom, are given rather confusedly by his biographers; but it appears, upon the whole, that they were unfortunate. He supported an only brother in his house, with a family as numerous as his own; and ruined himself by his generosity. At last the loss of his wife, after an union of fifty years, the death of many of his children, and his other

misfortunes, overwhelmed his intellects. Of this imbecility there were indeed some manifestations, in the latest productions of his pen.

THE REPTILE AND INSECT WORLD.

FROM UNIVERSAL BEAUTY, BOOK V.

Like Nature's law no eloquence persuades,
The mute harangue our ev'ry sense invades;
Th' apparent precepts of the Eternal Will
His ev'ry work, and ev'ry object fill;
Round with our eyes his revelation wheels,
Our ev'ry touch his demonstration feels.
And, O Supreme! whene'er we cease to know
Thee, the sole Source, whence sense and science flow!
Then must all faculty, all knowledge fail,
And more than monster o'er the man prevail.
Not thus he gave our optic's vital glance,
Amid omniscient art, to search for chance,
Blind to the charms of Nature's beauteous frame;
Nor made our organ vocal, to blaspheme:
Not thus he will'd the creatures of his nod,
And made the mortal, to unmake his God;
Breath'd on the globe, and brooded o'er the wave,
And bid the wide obsequious world conceive:
Spoke into being myriads, myriads rise,
And with young transport gaze the novel skies;
Glance from the surge, beneath the surface scud,
Or cleave enormous the reluctant flood;

Or roll vermicular their wanton maze,
And the bright path with wild meanders glaze;
Frisk in the vale, or o'er the mountains bound,
Or in huge gambols shake the trembling ground;
Swarm in the beam; or spread the plumy sail—
The plume creates, and then directs the gale:
While active gaiety, and aspect bright,
In each expressive, sums up all delight.
* * * * * * * *

The reptile first, how exquisitely form'd,
With vital streams through ev'ry organ warm'd!
External round the spiral muscle winds,
And folding close th' interior texture binds;
Secure of limbs or needless wing he steers,
And all one locomotive act appears;
His rings with one elastic membrane bound,
The prior circlet moves th' obsequious round;
The next, and next, its due obedience owes,
And with successive undulation flows.
The mediate glands, with unctuous juice replete,
Their stores of lubricating guile secrete;
Still opportune, with prompt emission flow,
And slipping frustrate the deluded foe;
When the stiff clod their little augers bore,
And all the worm insinuates through the pore.
Slow moving next, with grave majestic pace,
Tenacious snails their silent progress trace;
Through foreign fields secure from exile roam,
And sojourn safe beneath their native home.
Their domes self-wreath'd, each architect attend,
With mansions lodge them, and with mail defend:

But chief, when each his wint'ry portal forms,
And mocks secluded from incumbent storms;
Till gates, unbarring with the vernal ray,
Give all the secret hermitage to day;
Then peeps the sage from his unfolding doors,
And cautious Heaven's ambiguous brow explores:
Towards the four winds four telescopes he bends,
And on his own astrology depends;
Assur'd he glides beneath the smiling calm,
Bathes in the dew, and sips the morning balm;
The peach this pamp'ring epicure devours,
And climbing on the topmost fruitage towers.
Such have we cull'd from nature's reptile scene,
Least accurate of all the wondrous train,
Who plung'd recluse in silent caverns sleep;
Or multipede, earth's leafy verdure creep;
Or on the pool's new mantling surface play,
And range a drop, as whales may range the sea:
Or ply the rivulet with supple oars,
And oft, amphibious, course the neighb'ring shores,
Or shelt'ring, quit the dank inclement sky,
And condescend to lodge where princes lie;
There tread the ceiling, an inverted floor,
And from its precipice depend secure:
Or who nor creep, nor fly, nor walk, nor swim,
But claim new motion with peculiar limb,
Successive spring with quick elastic bound,
And thus transported pass the refluent ground.
Or who all native vehicles despise,
And buoy'd upon their own inventions rise;

Shoot forth the twine, their light aerial guide,
And mounting o'er the distant zenith ride.
Or who a twofold apparatus share,
Natives of earth, and habitants of air;
Like warriors stride, oppress'd with shining mail,
But furl'd, beneath, their silken pennons veil:
Deceiv'd, our fellow reptile we admire,
His bright endorsement, and compact attire,
When lo! the latent springs of motion play,
And rising lids disclose the rich inlay;
The tissu'd wing its folded membrane frees,
And with blithe quavers fans the gath'ring breeze;
Elate tow'rds Heav'n the beaut'ous wonder flies,
And leaves the mortal wrapp'd in deep surprise.
So when the guide led Tobit's youthful heir,
Elect, to win the seven times widow'd fair,
Th' angelic form, conceal'd in human guise,
Deceiv'd the search of his associate's eyes;
Till swift each charm bursts forth like issuing flame,
And circling rays confess his heavenly frame;
The zodiac round his waist divinely turns,
And waving radiance o'er his plumage burns:
In awful transports rapt, the youth admires,
While light from earth the dazzling shape aspires.
O think, if superficial scenes amaze,
And e'en the still familiar wonders please,
These but the sketch, the garb, the veil of things,
Whence all our depth of shallow science springs;
Think, should this curtain of Omniscience rise,
Think of the sight! and think of the surprise!

Scenes inconceivable, essential, new,
Whelm'd on our soul, and lightning on our view!—
How would the vain disputing wretches shrink,
And shiv'ring wish they could no longer think;
Reject each model, each reforming scheme,
No longer dictate to the Grand Supreme,
But, waking, wonder whence they dar'd to dream!
All is phenomenon, and type on earth,
Replete with sacred and mysterious birth,
Deep from our search, exalted from our soar;
And reason's task is, only to adore.
Who that beholds the summer's glist'ring swarms,
Ten thousand thousand gaily gilded forms,
In volant dance of mix'd rotation play,
Bask in the beam, and beautify the day;
Would think these airy wantons so adorn,
Were late his vile antipathy and scorn,
Prone to the dust, or reptile through the mire,
And ever thence unlikely to aspire?
Or who with transient view, beholding, loathes
Those crawling sects, whom vilest semblance clothes;
Who, with corruption, hold their kindred state,
As by contempt, or negligence of fate;
Could think, that such, revers'd by wondrous doom,
Sublimer powers and brighter forms assume;
From death, their future happier life derive,
And though apparently entomb'd, revive;
Chang'd, through amazing transmigration rise,
And wing the regions of unwonted skies;
So late depress'd, contemptible on Earth,
Now elevate to Heav'n by second birth?

No fictions here to willing fraud invite,
Led by the marvellous, absurd delight;
No golden ass, no tale Arabians feign;
Nor flitting forms of Naso's magic strain,
Deucalion's progeny of native stone,
Or armies from Cadmean harvests grown;
With many a wanton and fantastic dream,
The laurel, mulberry, and bashful stream;
Arachne shrunk beneath Tritonia's rage;
Tithonus chang'd and garrulous with age.
Not such mutations deck the chaster song,
Adorn'd with nature, and with truth made strong;
No debt to fable, or to fancy due,
And only wondrous facts reveal'd to view.
Though numberless these insect tribes of air,
Though numberless each tribe and species fair,
Who wing the noon, and brighten in the blaze,
Innumerous as the sands which bend the seas;
These have their organs, arts, and arms, and tools,
And functions exercised by various rules;
The saw, ax, auger, trowel, piercer, drill;
The neat alembic, and nectareous still:
Their peaceful hours the loom and distaff know;
But war, the force and fury of the foe,
The spear, the falchion, and the martial mail,
And artful stratagem, where strength may fail.
Each tribe peculiar occupations claim,
Peculiar beauties deck each varying frame;
Attire and food peculiar are assign'd,
And means to propagate their varying kind.

Each, as reflecting on their primal state,
Or fraught with scientific craft innate,
With conscious skill their oval embryon shed,
Where native first their infancy was fed:
Or on some vegetating foliage glu'd;
Or o'er the flood they spread their future brood;
A slender cord the floating jelly binds,
Eludes the wave, and mocks the warring winds;
O'er this their sperm in spiral order lies,
And pearls in living ranges greet our eyes.
In firmest oak they scoop a spacious tomb,
And lay their embryo in the spurious womb:
Some flow'rs, some fruit, some gems, or blossoms
choose,
And confident their darling hopes infuse;
While some their eggs in ranker carnage lay,
And to their young adapt the future prey.
Meantime the Sun his fost'ring warmth bequeaths,
Each tepid air its motive influence breathes,
Mysterious springs the wav'ring life supply,
And quick'ning births unconscious motion try;
Mature, their slender fences they disown,
And break at once into a world unknown.
All by their dam's prophetic care receive
Whate'er peculiar indigence can crave:
Profuse at hand the plenteous table's spread,
And various appetites are aptly fed.
Nor less each organ suits each place of birth,
Finn'd in the flood, or reptile o'er the earth;
Each organ, apt to each precarious state,
As for eternity design'd complete.

Thus nurs'd, these inconsiderate wretches grow,
Take all as due, still thoughtless that they owe.
  When lo! strange tidings prompt each secret breast,
And whisper wonders not to be express'd;
Each owns his error in his later cares,
And for the new unthought-of world prepares:
New views, new tastes, new judgments are acquir'd,
And all now loathe delights so late admir'd.
In confidence the solemn shroud they weave,
Or build the tomb, or dig the deadly grave;
Intrepid there resign their parting breath,
And give their former shape the spoils of death;
But reconceiv'd as in a second womb,
Through metamorphoses, new forms assume:
On death their true exalted life depends,
Commencing there, where seemingly it ends.
  The fulness now of circling time arrives;
Each from the long, the mortal sleep revives;
The tombs pour forth their renovated dead,
And, like a dream, all former scenes are fled.
But O! what terms expressive may relate
The change, the splendour of their new-form'd state?
Their texture nor compos'd of filmy skin,
Of cumbrous flesh without, or bone within,
But something than corporeal more refin'd,
And agile as their blithe informing mind.
In ev'ry eye ten thousand brilliants blaze,
And living pearls the vast horizon gaze;
Gemm'd o'er their heads the mines of India gleam,
And Heav'n's own wardrobe has array'd their frame;

Each spangled back bright sprinkling specks adorn,
Each plume imbibes the rosy tinctur'd morn;
Spread on each wing the florid seasons glow,
Shaded and verg'd with the celestial bow,
Where colours blend an ever varying dye,
And wanton in their gay exchanges vie.

JOHN SCOTT.

BORN 1730.—DIED 1783.

This worthy and poetical quaker was the son of a draper, in London, and was born in the borough of Southwark. His father retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, when our poet was only ten years old and this removal, together with the circumstance of his never having been inoculated for the small-pox, proved an unfortunate impediment to his education. He was put to a day-school, in the neighbouring town of Ware, where not much instruction was to be had; and from that little he was called away, upon the first alarm of infection. Such indeed was his constant apprehension of the disease, that he lived for twenty years within twenty miles of London without visiting it more than once. About the age of seventeen, however, he betook himself to reading. His family, from their cast of opinions and society,

were not likely to abound either in books or conversation relating to literature; but he happened to form an acquaintance and friendship with a neighbour of the name of Frogley, a master bricklayer, who, though an uneducated man, was an admirer of poetry, and by his intercourse with this friend he strengthened his literary propensity. His first poetical essays were transmitted to the Gentleman's Magazine. In his thirtieth year he published four elegies, which were favourably received. His poems, entitled " The Garden," and " Amwell," and his volume of collected poetical pieces, appeared after considerable intervals; and his " Critical Essays on the English Poets" were published in the last year of his life. These, with his " Remarks on the Poems of Rowley," are all that can be called his literary productions. He published also two political tracts, in answer to Dr. Johnson's " Patriot," and " False Alarm." His critical essays contain some judicious remarks on Denham and Dyer; but his verbal strictures on Collins and Goldsmith discover a miserable insensibility to the soul of those poets. His own verses are chiefly interesting, where they breathe the pacific principles of the quaker; while his personal character engages respect, from exhibiting a public spirit and liberal taste, beyond the habits of his brethren. He was well informed in the laws of his country; and, though prevented by his tenets from becoming a magistrate, he made himself useful to the inhabitants of Amwell, by his offices of arbitration,

and by promoting schemes of local improvement He was constant in his attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and commissions of land-tax. Ware and Hertford were indebted to him for the plan of opening a spacious road between those two towns. His treatises on the highway and parochial laws were the result of long and laudable attention to those subjects.

His verses, and his amiable character, gained him by degrees a large circle of literary acquaintance, which included Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Mrs. Montague, and many other distinguished individuals; and having submitted to inoculation, in his thirty-sixth year, he was from that period more frequently in London. In his retirement he was fond of gardening; and, in amusing himself with the improvement of his grounds, had excavated a grotto in the side of a hill, which his biographer, Mr. Hoole, writing in 1785, says, was still shewn as a curiosity in that part of the country. He was twice married. His first wife was the daughter of his friend Frogley He died at a house in Radcliff, of a putrid fever.

ODE ON HEARING THE DRUM.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,

To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

ODE ON PRIVATEERING.

How custom steels the human breast
To deeds that nature's thoughts detest!
How custom consecrates to fame
What reason else would give to shame!
Fair Spring supplies the favouring gale,
The naval plunderer spreads his sail,
And ploughing wide the wat'ry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and avarice prompts the fight;
And rage enjoys the dreadful sight

Of decks with streaming crimson dy'd,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or, 'midst th' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark prison's scanty range;
By plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread;
And with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The prosperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the song of every street,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictur'd face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er shall be;
No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale!
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praise unknown!

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

AN ODE.

THERE's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between.
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?

O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

BORN 17—. DIED 1784.

George Alexander Stevens was born in Holborn. He was for many years a strolling player, and was afterwards engaged at Covent Garden theatre. His powers as an actor were very indifferent; and he had long lived in necessitous circumstances, when he had recourse to a plan which brought him affluence—this was, delivering his Lecture on Heads, a medley of wit and nonsense, to which no other performance than his own could give comic effect. The lecture was originally designed for Shuter; who, however, wholly failed in his delivery of it. When Stevens gave it himself, it immediately became popular; he repeated it with success in different parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and, crossing the Atlantic, found equal favour among the calvinists of Boston, and the quakers of Philadelphia. On his return to England he attempted to give novelty to the exhibition by a sup-

plementary lecture on portraits and whole lengths; but the supplement had no success. In 1773 he appeared again on the Haymarket stage, in a piece of his own composing, "The Trip to Portsmouth." He afterwards resumed his tour of lectures on heads, till finding his own head worn out by dissipation, he sold the property of the composition to Lee Lewis, the comedian; and closed a life of intemperance in a state of idiotism.

If Fletcher of Salton's maxim be true, "that the "popular songs of a country are of more importance "than its laws," Stevens must be regarded as an important criminal in literature. But the songs of a country rather record, than influence, the state of popular morality. Stevens celebrated hard drinking, because it was the fashion; and his songs are now seldom vociferated, because that fashion is gone by. George was a leading member of all the great bacchanalian clubs of his day; the Choice Spirits, Comus' Court, and others, of similar importance and utility. Before the scheme of his lecture brought him a fortune, he had frequently to do penance in jail for the debts of the tavern; and, on one of those occasions, wrote a poem, entitled "Religion," expressing a penitence for his past life, which was probably sincere, while his confinement lasted. He was also author of "Tom Fool," a novel; "The Birthday of Folly," a satire; and several dramatic pieces of slender consequence.

THE WINE VAULT.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar as sociably stored,
My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend and improve,
That cask,—ay, that we will try.
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye:
My brave boys.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
As I hate that a bumper should stand,
My brave boys.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I gallop the brusher along;
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song,
My brave boys.

We are dry where we sit, though the coying drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss;

From the arch mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste
stream,
Like stucco-work cut out of moss:
My brave boys.

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame
shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze,
My brave boys.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins
are well fill'd;
View that heap of old Hock in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier,
My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,
My brave boys

Like Macedon's Madman, my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
He cried when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out,
My brave boys.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly
will I,
When reeling, I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck to do more,
My brave boys.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done,
My brave boys.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BORN 1709.—DIED 1784.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,

As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind,
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.

Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:

All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold:
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;

With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-flown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?

Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?
What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?
When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;

And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd, a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
   All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
   The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:

Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain;
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer.
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his *passions till they make his will.*
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.
The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.

With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd:
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;

For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

MRS. GREVILLE.

BORN 17—. DIED 17—.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain,
  And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
  Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
  Who liv'st in woods unseen;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
  Trip'st gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd
  As ancient stories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
  Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell.

O! deign once more t'exert thy power!
  Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower,
  Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
  No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
  That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
  That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
  But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
  'Tis pain in each degree;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
  Beyond—is agony!

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
  Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
  To pain new pangs impart.

O! haste to shed the sovereign balm.
  My shatter'd nerves new string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
  The nymph Indifference bring!

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
  See Expectation fly!
And Disappointment in the rear,
  That blasts the purpos'd joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
  My eyes shall then disown;
The heart, that throbb'd at other's woe,
  Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds, which now each moment bleed,
  Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
  To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy-elf! but grant me this,
  This one kind comfort send!
And so may never-fading bliss
  Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
  Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
  Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy acorn-goblet fill'd
  With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
  That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
 I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content—but half to please.

END OF VOL. V.

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